

CEREMONIAL PRACTICES

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be held horizontally and rotated counterclockwise, or it may be<sup>534</sup> jerked up and down vertically. The first motion gives a blurred, continuous sound; the second, a series of clashes. Even a tyro can recognize the difference and at a distance can tell by it whether the rattle is horizontal, indicating that the dancers are walking, or vertical, when they are leaping. The shamans, whose special instrument the rattle is, have worked out even greater variations in the shaking technique.

SINGING

The writer is not equipped to comment on Papago musical style;<sup>533</sup> this part of the work must await the analysis of the records taken. But a few observations on the manner of the singing may be of interest.

Voice production in singing includes almost all the tricks forbidden to the white student of the art. Singers take breath at any point they wish, each person's choice being a different one. They leap from head notes to chest notes and back again. They slur notes, beginning a quarter tone or more away and ending as far off in the other direction. The round, rich tone desired by our singers is no part of their scheme. Hoarseness, falsetto, and piercing yells are all admitted. The definition of a good singer refers, not to the quality of his voice, but to his memory for songs. But though the sounds vary, the rhythm is always true. The mass of undisciplined voices, pulsing in perfect time with the motions of the scraping stick has its own effect. The scraping-stick motions change constantly, the players retarding and accelerating according to the words of the song, and the singers and dancers follow them.

In a large chorus there is a very rudimentary approach to harmony. A few women who are considered specially skilled maintain a note a third or so above the keynote of the song and hold it without variation. "The ladies straighten out the song," said a girl who was trying to learn the trick. Miss Densmore has mentioned this technique.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Densmore, p. 14.

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SONG CYCLES

The songs of any ceremony are in sets, each describing the desired event in different phrases. Hunting songs may picture the whole process of tracking and killing the deer; growing songs, the development of corn. They are sung in series by a chorus who have learned them from the mythteller. The myth may be recited separately, or, perhaps, not at all.

However, the conception of dreaming having impinged on that of ritual recitation, the old song cycles no longer remain intact. One man may dream a new song and add it to the series. Since often the foundation myth is not learned, the new song may be interpolated at any point, whether logical or not. Finally, the original songs are pushed out.

Some old informants may still be found who assert that they know the order of I'toi's songs, but on comparing their version with the myth, the claim was usually found invalid. Most singers do not know the complete cycle. They pick up songs wherever they can and use them to fill out the number.

But songs may easily be learned without dreaming. A man who has heard them often may finally know enough for a night's singing, though not in a logical series. Ultimately, he will have a dream which authorizes him to use this series officially. Also he may learn from relatives who sing at home, or may pick up songs during the days of drinking; when even shamans' songs are not kept secret. The result is a great efflorescence of songs and a confusion of cycles. No two singers can be found whose series are the same. The custom is, when a cycle is needed, to invite several men and let each sing all he knows. If these are not enough on the subject, anyone else may be invited to contribute a song.

Naturally, with such variety, there is no definite order. However, there are certain songs on each subject which are known as beginning or ending songs. Certain songs are sung before midnight, and some should come near dawn. Although every singer knows a beginning and an ending song, the other classifications are often disregarded.

In any series, the songs need not have the same tune. The style of

- 533 Repetition, however, is fixed: sometimes the whole song is repeated; sometimes from the middle point to the end, then from the beginning to the end. Many series have a standard introduction and final phrase, and some informants thought that all should have them. These phrases always have the same tune and the same words, the words being now entirely untranslatable. Some are as follows:

| Song           | Beginning     | Ending               |
|----------------|---------------|----------------------|
| Girl's puberty |               | Mim or mum           |
| Scalp          | He, hel       | Tángwi <sup>10</sup> |
| Corn           |               | Iro a'áro            |
| Wilkitá        |               | Tcúkuta tcúkuh       |
| Scraping stick | Hi'hlanai hul | Hítcia háhina        |

533 Papago songs contain extra vocables which lengthen the word  
194 to fit the musical line. With the same object, they also shorten words and frequently omit prepositions and auxiliaries entirely. A definite system of phonetic change is practiced in singing. Theoretically the stop consonants are changed to the corresponding nasals (*p* to *m*, *t* to *n*, *k* to *ng*), so that the word *tipetak* (heart) becomes *timuinanga*.<sup>10</sup> Such transmutations make the words of a song, when sung, entirely different from spoken Papago. It was necessary, in transcribing, always to write the sung version first, then the spoken version, and finally the translation. An interpreter unfamiliar with the song might be completely at sea. Especially if the song contained archaic words, he might have to labor long with the informant before straightening out the spoken version.

533 The words, even when interpreted, often differ considerably  
193 from modern forms. Tense is rarely expressed, and the translator is always at liberty to use present or past at will. Number is also not expressed. Sometimes the subject of a sentence is lacking, and the singer may explain: "It says 'he sits on a mountain and rubs his belly,' but everyone knows that it means a brown bear."

<sup>10</sup> The scalp-song ending is found also in the Mohave salt songs, where it is equally untranslatable.

<sup>10</sup> The writer, in common with several others, wrote all stop consonants as intermediates, since they have practically that sound in modern Papago. However, Dr. J. Alden Mason, author of a forthcoming Papago grammar (University of California Press) advises that they should be surds and sonants and that only the latter make the change.

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The song consists of very few lines, repeated from four to six-<sup>533</sup> teen times. The lines themselves may consist almost wholly of standard poetic expressions, usually in contrasted pairs, such as morning-night, east-west, running-standing, rain-cloud, white-black, and far-near. Certain tricks of vocabulary are very noticeable, such as the incessant use of the word *kamhu* (yonder, out of sight). The word has the sonorous quality and poetic implication which recommends it as an introduction, and one song out of ten seems to use it. Almost the same can be said of *mihk* (far), and the words for wind, cloud, and mountain appear so often that one might accuse the inexperienced singer of feeling that when he has put these into a sentence he has poem enough.

## TRANSLATION

A word may be added as to the translation given here, both for <sup>128</sup> speeches and songs. There has been no effort to use archaic language for artistic effect, but certain Papago constructions lend themselves to expressions in old English. There is a verbal auxiliary in the past which can most accurately be translated by our form "did." "Then did he swiftly go" is correctly Papago in construction and word order. Such semi-obsolete words as "thereon" and "there-with" are also literal translations. Papago would go farther and say "him-on" and "him-with." Though the translation could not follow all these constructions and remain readable, it was thought desirable to suggest them whenever the English would permit.

The style of vocabulary being thus determined, it was carried out wherever choice was possible. An expression indicating approval may be rendered "all right" or "it is well." There seems no special virtue in choosing the modern colloquialism rather than an expression in harmony with the others used.

The word order has also been rendered as accurately as easy <sup>128</sup> reading permits. A Papago sentence has the verb at the end, with <sup>193</sup> all the other elements placed before it except the nominal subject. A typical arrangement would be: "Then did he yonder to him-ward swiftly go, that youth." A number of such sentences in English would be tiresome, but it has been thought best to suggest the ar-

128 arrangement as frequently as possible, even though it is not con-  
193 sistently maintained.

Many of the five hundred songs collected seem no more than re-  
• 63 arrangements of the beloved words "rain," "wind," and "moun-  
424 tain." It is obvious that in a society where dreaming was practically  
compulsory, many a man must have grasped at some slight altera-  
tion in tune or words in order to be able to call a song his own. In  
fact, dreamers have passionately defended their rights when the  
writer suggested that some song seemed a repetition of one already  
transcribed. "Can't you see, it says mountain instead of hill and  
green instead of red? It's my song."

533 Some songs, however, are vignettes of desert life, as clear in con-  
tour as a Chinese poem. The brown crickets hopping among the  
squash vines, the deer drinking where the water drips beside the  
datura blossoms, and the birds chattering on the ground that  
the deer have trampled are strikingly chosen details which evoke a  
whole picture. Some are even humorous, for every phase of the  
subject must be vivified, even the clumsiness of an inept hunter  
or the antics of a turtle at courting. Papago ceremonial art, it would  
seem, found its best expression in words. The scanty, colorless cos-  
tumes, the background of empty desert or houses like earthen  
mounds, had beauty only in their stark simplicity. But the very  
passion of need sharpened songs and oratory to a vividness which  
is often poetry.

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

Thereby our stomachs shall grow big;  
Thereby we shall live.(3)

x 46  
796  
[273]  
x [539]  
[102] At some villages a special messenger called at each house to summon the people. He had his face painted black and was known as the blackface. Black was thought to connote dizziness and was used [102] also for warriors, to typify the wildness of battle. He stood at the threshold saying, "My kinsmen, come help us to sing that we may pull down the clouds." One informant, a good singer, said that he then always turned to her and requested: "My sister, now you must help us. It will be only two nights, and then you can rest"(26).

When the singers arrived, they were again instructed:

x [639]  
6. Now here you have assembled;  
Now thus we shall do!  
With our singing we shall pull down the rain.(4)

x 796  
533 At the council house any sacred objects owned by the village had been placed on display; and, if there was nothing more, at least there was a tuft of eagle down over each door, because "everybody keeps a little eagle down." In the center of the dance place was a small fire, from which cigarettes could be lighted. A large fire would "scare away the clouds." The old men who knew the songs sat outside the council house and sang each song to make sure of words and tune. When they had decided on the first song, they called the song leader. This man had been chosen by the council for the liquor singing because of his loud voice and good memory. He held office until too old to sing and then passed on his duties to some male relative to whom he had taught the songs. Each leader generally had several unofficial assistants, with loud voices and good memories, whom he asked to follow him at the head of the line. Some old informants, both men and women, boasted of having belonged to this group, known as "those who walk ahead."

796  
535 The leader advanced to the dance place, shaking his rattle horizontally, and began the song. The men joined him, clapping hands and stepping sideways, counterclockwise. As other voices joined in, the leader shook his rattle vertically. Gradually the women joined the circle, each placing herself between two men. There was burning rivalry among the young men who hoped to be chosen in

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

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this way. Tradition tells how they rubbed flower perfume on their hands and carried tiny sacks of the fungus known as "earth flow-ers" that are supposed to be magically attractive to deer and to women. At the end of the line of adults walked the children. The two ends of the curved line almost joined, and there might be a hundred people dancing.

Each song was sung four times or a multiple of four, and a favorite song might be repeated sixteen or even thirty-two times. The words were in the nature of compulsive magic, describing the coming of the clouds and rain over the local landscape. If any other locality was mentioned as attracting the rain, visitors from there were expected to make a gift in return for the blessing called down. A chance visitor who had no other gift with him would offer some of his clothes—in recent days, his cowboy hat.

The liquor songs<sup>2</sup> may once have been arranged in cycles, though there is little trace of such arrangement now except that certain songs must always be used at the beginning, certain others at the end. Different songs are used for this purpose in the various localities, suggesting that if there were cycles, each locality must have had its own. The initial songs describe the gathering of the people, the final songs, the coming of dawn. Between them come the favorite songs of the village, either traditional or composed by its own people. A man may "dream" a liquor song at any time, either while about his daily occupations or during a retreat for purification. One of the rituals for the salt pilgrimage describes the songs which came to the neophyte in those ceremonies.

The powers I had won, beneath my bed I placed.

I lay upon them and lay down to sleep.

Then, in a little time, mysteriously there came to me

Beautiful drunken songs,

Beautiful songs for the circling [rainmaking] dance.

[539]<sup>x</sup>

Any man who had dreamed a song might submit it to the elders, and if they approved they would include it in the program. One such "original" song is included in the list, to show how little originality was considered necessary for this sort of composition.

<sup>2</sup> For Pima songs for this dance see Russell, *op. cit.*, pp. 292, 293, "circling songs."

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

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Therewith was delightful the evening;  
Delightful the dawn.  
Let us all desire only this one end.  
If thus we do, we shall see it.

796<sup>x</sup>  
539<sup>x</sup>

Just over there, at the east,  
There stands a rainhouse.  
Shining white mocking bird, shaman,  
Hither summon the winds;  
Hither will come the white clouds, following.  
Although the earth seems very wide,  
They will climb up it and will go on.  
Although the sky seems very high,  
They will touch it with their heads and will go on.  
Within, there will be crooked lightning  
And loud sounding will roar the thunder.  
Sprinkling the earth, they will go on.

Then you will always know  
That though most wretched seeming lies our land,  
Now, through our doings, it seems well again.  
At the mouths of our ditches,  
The rubbish will be piled high.  
Upon their banks we shall plant seed.  
Then shall emerge  
Fair stalks, fair leaves, fair flowers,  
And they shall ripen.(3)

At the conclusion of the speech the witness led the mocking-bird 796<sup>x</sup>  
speaker by the hand counterclockwise around the circle. They  
walked slowly, the witness raising his hand and directing the au-  
dience to "pass the kinship term." Each man shouted the term of  
his kinship to the orator or, in the rare case where there was no  
relationship, the word "friend."

The man at the east, who had been addressed, now responded 796<sup>x</sup>  
with a song alluding to rain and clouds, and his fellow villagers 533<sup>x</sup>  
around him helped with the singing. The style of this singing was  
entirely different from that of the night before. It was almost tune-  
less; a dragging of words in a monotone in exceedingly slow time.

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

- 646 The singer used a deep, hoarse voice somewhat like that of the  
 633 shamans in singing for the sick. His song must refer to two magic  
 powers, such as wind and cloud or eagle and hawk. It was a potent  
 rain charm.

After he had sung, the baskets were brought to the point where  
 serving had stopped and passed again until empty. The man at  
 the north was now addressed and sang. Next it was the turn of the  
 south, and finally of the west.<sup>a</sup> Each man had four songs, and all of  
 them were supposed to be sung during the morning. Below is given  
 one song for each direction.

SONG OF THE FOUR DIRECTIONS

EAST

*This song refers to mist and clouds without mentioning  
 the actual words.*

36. Up yonder, far under the east  
 It is stretching.  
 Something whitish is stretching.  
 At its base, an eagle sits.  
 Something whitish is stretching.  
 Down yonder, near, under the west,  
 It is lengthening.  
 Something blackish 's lengthening.  
 Beside it, a hawk hangs.  
 Something blackish is lengthening.

NORTH

37. Ah! not I a shaman!  
 I cause the wind to run.  
 My elder brother the land it floods with water.  
 Am not I doughty!  
 I cause the cloud to fly.  
 My younger brother the mountain it washes with water.

SOUTH

38. Just yonder a cloud comes forth,  
 And here it trembles,  
 Softly thundering.

<sup>a</sup> West came last as the direction of the wild plants.

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

63

Just yonder a mist grows long,  
And here it trembles,  
Softly drizzling.

796<sup>x</sup>  
639<sup>x</sup>

WEST

39. They made me drink the cup.  
Here I cause the wind to blow.  
Red spiders run on the field.<sup>a</sup>

They made me drink the liquor.  
Here I cause the cloud to fly.  
The centipede walks on the field.

The ceremony ended with the final song. In former days what-<sup>796<sup>x</sup></sup>  
ever liquor remained was given to the principal guests. They re-<sup>633</sup>  
ceived no pay for their songs, but "they were the first to get drunk."

At present each house also brews one or more jars of liquor for  
itself. When the drinking at the ceremonial house is over, the  
people scatter to visit their friends. Drinking is by invitation, but  
each family holds a sort of open house for relatives from their own  
village and from a distance. The host himself is not supposed to  
drink, or "his house would burn down." He passes a cup of liquor  
to his guest, calling him by the kinship term. The guest must then  
"cover it with song."

A number of songs<sup>1</sup> celebrating drunkenness are used on such  
occasions. Many are composed on the spot, under the inspiration  
of the liquor.

40. On Archie fields, we sing for the liquor.  
On the morning of the second day,  
They come hastening from all directions.  
They grow drunk, they stagger, they grow very drunk.  
They crawl around in their vomit.<sup>(27)</sup>

796<sup>x</sup>  
639<sup>x</sup>

41. Much dimness,  
Much dimness  
Within me is swelling,  
And more and more.  
Every which way I am falling.<sup>(3)</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The red spider which appears after rain is the desert velvet mite, *Tribidum magnificum*.

<sup>1</sup> For Fine drinking songs see *ibid.*, pp. 311, 319, 325, 337.

CEREMONIES TO PROMOTE GROWTH

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ripe. Then you will take them—not hard it is to do. Here you will bring them. Upon this wretched land we shall see them.(4) <sup>796<sup>s</sup></sup> <sub>[539]<sup>x</sup></sub>

After speaking at the southern opening, the speaker moved around the enclosure counterclockwise, reciting at the east and at the north, and finally he arrived at the west. Here the speech concerned the wild crops, since the wind which fertilizes them is thought to blow from the west.

3. Well have we done by you, my older brothers. Now, here for you stand our offerings. Now you will issue forth. Yonder you will run and will reach the west. There, within the rainhouse are ripe things: ripe amaranth seed, ripe flax seed, ripe grass seed. Then you will take them: not hard it is to do. Here you will bring them. Upon this wretched land we shall see them.(4) <sup>[537]<sup>x</sup></sup>

The men then returned to the village and had their evening meal, after which they went to the council house and spent the night in singing. Their songs were from the large group known as "scraping-stick songs," which were accompanied by the scraping stick and the basket drum. Their untranslatable introductory and final phrases were always the same: *hi hlanai \* hu and hltcia hdhina*. These songs were always associated with rain and growth, though they have been adapted to several different ceremonies, such as the salt pilgrimage, and the cleansing ceremony, whose function is only secondarily the bringing of rain. The use of the scraping-stick songs for all these bends them ultimately to a common purpose. On the other hand, the scraping stick was never used at the actual rain-making ceremony; there the instrument is the rattle. Rainmaking and growth songs seem to have had different origins. <sup>796<sup>s</sup></sup> <sub>[533]</sub>

Hernog, in analyzing Pima scraping-stick songs,<sup>4</sup> which seem to resemble those of the Papago, has found that they are the most highly developed of any possessed by the Pima and differ entirely from the archaic songs connected with curing, deer hunting, and the origin myth. They resemble the corn-grinding songs of Laguna and Zuni. The introductory and final phrases of these Pima songs.

<sup>4</sup> Compare *Cochiti Akani*, the gift of the cloud spirit. Demarest, p. 139.

<sup>5</sup> Hernog, 1928, p. 207.

<sup>6</sup> For Pima songs with the same refrain see Russell, pp. 231, 232, 233.

CEREMONIES TO PROMOTE GROWTH

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When we see it rise again,

I say to you—Go!

*Hilcia Adhina!* (12)

796<sup>x</sup>  
539<sup>x</sup>

These are only a few of the scraping-stick songs; there are probably hundreds of them. More will be quoted in connection with the ceremonies for the salt pilgrims and for driving away evil. [533]

The ceremony of the Archie group is unique, for no other village had a similar shrine. Some, however, instead of opening and cleaning a shrine, opened the village fetish, recited the customary wise speeches, without which it was dangerous to expose the sacred objects, and perhaps sang the scraping-stick songs. Mesquite Root, a very old village related to the Archie group, kept a sacred basket hidden on one of the nearby hills. The keeper of the smoke, who was its custodian, fetched the basket to the council house at the time of the budding of the saguaro, at flowering, at forming of the fruit, and just before picking. He placed fresh eagle down in the basket and recited the wise speech, making a wish that the cactus might grow well. (26)

Kaka, at the west of the reservation, also used the sacred bundle. Kaka is not related to the Archie group, but speaks a distinct dialect and is thought of by the Archie people as an abode of sorcery, sure sign of strangeness. However, its bundle ceremony was similar to that of Mesquite Root, and its boy and girl dancers seem to have been representatives of the "flood children." The bundle was hidden outside the village, as important fetishes often are, but in April the keeper of the smoke brought it to the council house and opened it in the presence of the elders. If the contents were damp, he was assured of plenty of rain for the summer; if they were dry, there would be little. [186]

The keeper smoked over the bundle and made the wise speech. Then scraping-stick songs were sung, while a dance was performed by two boys and two girls, evidently representing the "flood children." Their bodies were spotted with white paint to represent the corn, and they had a black streak across the eyes. The boys wore cotton kilts, and the girls the old-style Papago skirts, which were merely knee-length kilts, made of home woven cotton. In their hands they carried eagle down. After the ceremony the dancers [271]

## HUNTING

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circle, as they did on the warpath, and each in turn sang the songs<sup>224</sup> he knew. Supposedly, these were the ancient cycle from the origin myth, but to them had been added others dreamed by those who had "met" the mountain lion or other patron of the hunt. Each man knew a few songs, which he taught to his companions; meanwhile the shaman went into the darkness and looked about "to see what wanted to be killed."

Then the men lay back to sleep, and if one of them were fortunate, the deer would appear to him in the guise of a beautiful woman, and would make a tryst for the following day. Hunters said they knew nothing about the use of jimson weed (*Datura meteloides*)<sup>[276]</sup> as a help toward such visions, although the song 18 suggests it. The plant grows wild in Papago country and was in regular ceremonial use by the southern California Shoshoneans. Still, say the Papago, "it's a cheap way to get visions. The animals won't really come unless you starve." Inquiry produced no instances of the use of datura at the present day.<sup>4</sup>

Below are quoted three cycles of deer songs from three separate<sup>224</sup> informants and a few odd songs, both old and new. There must be<sup>533</sup> hundreds of such songs in the Papago area. They describe a successful hunt, with all its incidents, humorous, realistic, or fanciful, in order that the same things may occur again. Some songs, with imaginative sympathy, are placed in the deer's own mouth. They have no standard refrain. Informants said that they should always be in pairs, and where there is only one it is probable that one of the pair has been lost. This pairing, says Herzog,<sup>5</sup> is a musical characteristic of the western Pueblos, but he considers the Pima hunting songs, which resemble those of the Papago, to be in a more primitive musical style than the Pueblo-like songs for growth.<sup>6</sup>

## SERIES BY INFORMANT 19

224  
537X

2. At the west there is a rumbling;  
The deer tail  
Rumbling.

<sup>4</sup> In the songs datura is paired with another magic-working plant, *teinacrat*, so far unidentified. For lack of an English name, this plant has been called lizard weed, since it is said to "meet" dreamers in the form of a lizard. See Underhill, 1937, p. 184.

<sup>5</sup> Herzog, pp. 290, 307.

<sup>6</sup> For Pima deer songs see Russell, pp. 300, 317. The former very similar to No. 16, p. 98, below.

<sup>716</sup> dance ground, but not near enough to be seen or touched, that its  
<sup>224</sup> power might not be injured. In a line between the basket and the  
council house they placed, first a tuft of eagle down, then the  
branch of cholla which had been waved over the deer meat, and  
[789] finally an ironwood stake which was to be pounded into the  
ground, thus crushing down sickness and misfortune.(1)

Before the ceremony began, two shamans, one from each moiety,  
took stone axes and pounded the ironwood stake until it was in-  
visible. Then they collected evil with the cholla branch and  
burned it.

<sup>x 716</sup> There were two boy dancers and two girls from each moiety,  
<sup>224</sup> chosen from all the country around for their long hair. They were  
<sup>536</sup> painted in the council house by two men, one from each moiety.  
<sup>616</sup> All had their bodies covered with dots to represent corn kernels,  
[602] but the Buzzards had red bodies with white dots, since "the buz-  
zards have red flesh and hearts," while the Coyotes had white bodies  
with red dots. On the crown of the head they had an eagle feather:  
a down feather for the girls, wing feather for boys.

The dance was held at night. After sunset the dancers emerged  
from the ceremonial house in single file, boys and girls alternat-  
ing, with a *maam* boy leading. As they emerged, all the *maam*  
dancers turned to the south, the *dapap* to the north. They arranged  
themselves in one long line running north and south.

<sup>x 796</sup> The singers started a song, and when it was nearly ended the  
<sup>224</sup> *maam* dancer at the south started it again. When he had nearly  
● <sup>633</sup> finished, the *dapap* at the north took it up and finished. Then a  
<sup>635</sup> new song was started, and the dancing began.

Each song was sung four times: twice while the dancers stepped  
sidewise, twice while they flexed their knees in position. Toward  
morning the songs changed, and the dancers began to circle coun-  
terclockwise. With the dawn song the dancers suddenly ran about  
a hundred feet to the east. There they danced during the singing  
of three songs, and after the last song they ran back into the coun-  
cil house.

Most of the songs are ancient ones, relating to the origin myth,  
the local version of which was once recited at the ceremony, but  
is now forgotten.

536 There were only a few such singers in the country, and the chal-  
 538 lenging village might have to send for one from some distance. He  
 worked without pay, other than his food and the fame he received.  
 124 He selected a number of boys and girls who had agile bodies and  
 the great desideratum, long glossy hair. These he trained in the  
 dance maneuvers, and meantime, the older men learned his songs  
 and made the effigies under his direction. Often he required elab-  
 orate representations, which might take months to produce. Re-  
 ports mention cranes made of raw cotton or smaller birds of painted  
 150 wood mounted on sticks which could be waved as though the birds  
 were flying. Sometimes there were rainbows of painted buckskin,  
 cloud symbols of cotton, and flowers of wood or vegetable matter.  
 777 The men of the village met frequently to sing songs which would  
 533 give their side good luck in running. Toward the end of the prac-  
 tice time they sang every night. One or more shamans sat with them  
 to "see" whether their opponents were working any evil spells and  
 also to work spells on their own behalf.

626 Ten days before the final event a bundle of sticks was sent by  
 211 messenger to the opponents. On the tenth day the challengers  
 202 started, men, women, and children, taking their effigies, dance cos-  
 tumes, and all the property they could afford to bet on the game.  
 They planned to arrive at their opponent's village on the day be-  
 fore the games and to camp outside it. From this final camping  
 place they sent into the village two messengers in war array. All  
 accounts heard assumed the use of the horse and of the lance, and  
 even called this formal challenge by a Hispanicized term which  
 sounds like "harlequinade."<sup>1</sup>

The messengers had their faces painted black, as did warriors  
 223 and the announcers for the drinking ceremony. "Black means mad-  
 303 ness or dizziness." (9) One was on horseback, carrying a lance, his  
 other clothing being the most elaborate he had. The other, also  
 with black face, was on foot. They presented themselves at the race  
 track, where the man on horseback stood up in his stirrups and  
 delivered his message. The villagers, who had gathered to receive

<sup>1</sup> Although the challenge was in the form of play, it seems probable that it symbolized the real hostility and fear once felt by the contesting groups. If they belonged to different dialect divisions, this might be the only occasion when they met, and they surrounded it with formalities.

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him, pelted him with dried squash stems, which have a sharp<sup>626</sup> calyx. Then they chased both messengers out of the village. Later<sup>202</sup> another messenger was sent, his face being black only from the eyes down. He viewed the race track to see that it was not bewitched, and he, also, was chased out of the village. After this the challengers entered, singing and dancing.<sup>2</sup> The hosts, after the entertainment, gave them food.

The Papago villagers might chase the messengers almost back to<sup>533</sup> the camp of the challengers. That night the women of the challenged village came out to sing for the challengers and to make them welcome. They sang "any songs they could remember," but as lively ones as possible.

## SONGS BY WOMEN OF THE CHALLENGED VILLAGE

539<sup>x</sup>

1. I tied up the wind;  
Far yonder I tied it up.  
On Toad Mountain I sat tying it.  
There, before me, the mountains stood,  
With haze on their summits.(9)
2. Under Baboquiviri  
I lay down to sleep.  
Something frightened me.  
Alarmed, I jumped up,  
Looking in all directions.(9)

Before dawn the dancers from the visiting village painted their<sup>535</sup> bodies and made ready the dance paraphernalia. Then, with black-face messengers at their head and the dancers following, the whole

\* Santarén, a Jesuit missionary, given similar details in connection with a challenge<sup>[71]</sup> to pelota among the Acaxee, about 1600. The contest, in this case, was held on the ball ground of the challenging village. For four nights previously, there was singing which appears to have been a song cycle. It was started each night by two armed warriors who appeared on the walls of the ball court and fired a summons. The people then entered, singing and dancing. On the day of play, these warriors mounted the walls and the villagers entered as usual. "As they were about to dance, the visitors came in from one side, dressed and armed as for battle and began to shoot blunt arrows at the two warriors on the walls. The warriors tried to avoid these or ward them off with their shields but they were forced shortly to withdraw and were followed by the dancers, the visitors left in possession of the ground." (Beals, 1933, p. 13.) In both cases it is the challenged side which finally holds the field, though in the Papago case this is the host village, in the Acaxee case, the guest village.

## INTERVILLAGE GAMES

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the hostesses served cooked food to all the visitors. One informant<sup>574</sup> had seen a hostess arrive with a huge dish of boiled beans which she offered to the singers. She tried to feed them with her hand; they refused, and she smeared the food on their faces. After this, each householder of the challenged village advanced to one of the visitors and said: "You go to my house for your pay." At the house they were given cooked food, clothes, skins, and baskets. But it might be that the naming songs were to follow the skipping dance. In that case, payment was deferred until the whole performance was over. More often, the two entertainments were alternatives and either one or the other was given.

## THE NAMING CEREMONY

The naming ceremony was, like the skipping dance, a charm<sup>574</sup> performed by the visitors to secure good luck to their hosts. It<sup>789</sup> consisted of a series of songs celebrating the name of every important man in the village. Mentioning of names in this manner was akin to the mentioning of animal names in songs to cure sickness. The auspicious circumstances brought good luck to the person<sup>[777]</sup> mentioned, and, though using names was often undesirable, it was here a success charm.

This entertainment required no effigies and no new songs. Each<sup>551</sup> village had a series of songs, some celebrating a shaman, some a<sup>574</sup> wise man, some a warrior, and into this framework they could fit<sup>633</sup> any name they pleased, by lengthening or shortening the lines. It was the custom so to fit the names of their hosts and to be paid for the compliment.\*

When naming songs were to be sung, the visitors must hear the names to be used on the night before the ceremony, or even earlier, in order to commit them to memory. While they were camped outside the village of their hosts, in the usual way, they sent a messenger to signify their intention and to ask for the names. The host village held a meeting to select the names, since each man sung for would have to provide a substantial gift. Usually there

\* Russell, p. 171, describes a naming ceremony for the Pima, although he says nothing about a skipping dance or a ceremony of challenge.

55 was a regular system of gift partners who alternately sang for and  
 57 paid each other. All such men in the host village gave their names,  
 58 knowing that their partners would do the same for them next year.  
 Now and then a new man would volunteer, either because he had  
 acquired relatives-in-law among the challengers or merely because  
 he hoped to establish friendly relations. Sometimes one who was  
 dissatisfied with the gifts he had been receiving would drop out.

When the names had been decided upon, the hosts sent four of  
 their elders to the camp of the visitors, to act as censors of the  
 songs and to reject any that did not please them. These elders sat  
 in a row beside the singers of the visitors. A selected man from the  
 visitors, whom we may call the prompter, sat in front of the row.  
 It was his business to remember the names as they were presented  
 and to remind the singers the next day. This was a responsible task,  
 [56] since there might be twenty or thirty names and all must be men-  
 [21] tioned in order of their importance. The device used was that of  
 a number of sticks, each representing a particular name.

A boy arrived from the host village, bearing the first two sticks,  
 for names were always "sung for" in pairs. He threw one stick  
 down before the prompter, saying: "Sing for So-and-So." The  
 prompter replied: "I have heard, friend!" Then the boy threw  
 down the other stick in the same way and the prompter, fingering  
 the sticks, repeated the two names until he had fixed them in his  
 memory. Meanwhile the singers behind him decided which of their  
 songs would fit the names. They tried over several, and then sang  
 the one selected. The delegates from the host village listened, and  
 if they thought the words inappropriate, they objected. The singers  
 tried over their repertoire, altering to suit the case, until they had  
 a song that was acceptable.

Meanwhile another boy had arrived, with two more sticks, and  
 the same process was gone through. The prompter, who had mem-  
 orized the names, kept all the sticks and used them as a mnemonic  
 device the next day. The names must appear in a certain order;  
 shamans first, then the keeper of the smoke, then warriors, then  
 elders. The prompter kept the sticks tied together in this order.

When the songs had been decided upon, the singers might prac-  
 tice a whole day before they presented their performance, many

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of the villagers learning the songs and singing with them. When 533  
they were ready, they either presented the skipping dance and then 551  
the naming songs, or else the naming songs alone. In either case, 574  
the first act was the challenge and the songs to the four directions.  
Before the naming song, the whole of the visiting village marched  
around the plaza, two by two. Then they took their places, at one  
side of the plaza and a group of boys and girls danced during the  
naming songs just as they did in the visiting dance.

The first song sung was always "for the fields," since this was 221  
in November when the loas had not left for the "wells," their win-  
ter camp. Mentioning the richness of the fields automatically  
brought the result. After that came songs for the shamans and the  
other prominent men in turn, always ascribing to them the bless-  
ings or the qualities they would like to have. The prompter sat be-  
side the singers, with all the sticks in a row in front of him, and as  
each pair of names was disposed of, he removed the corresponding  
sticks.

## NAMING SONGS

## FOR THE FIELD

12. It is full daylight,  
And I sing.  
It is full daylight,  
And I sing.  
Lo, it is Konari'k field!  
Very rich it is;  
I sing for it  
  
It is full daylight,  
And I sing.  
It is full daylight,  
And I sing.  
Lo, it is Field of the Black Hill [Tucson].  
Very rich it is;  
I sing for it (g)

539<sup>x</sup>  
551  
574

## FOR THE SHAMANS

13. [As we march] along  
The shamans come forth with us;  
The shamans come forth with us.

INTERVILLAGE GAMES

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With his fine club, is drunk;  
He is drunk with it,  
He is drunk with it.<sup>(9)</sup>

539<sup>x</sup>  
551  
574

17. Over there came one  
On the flat land.  
There sounded stamping,  
At Tecalote, Big Coyote,  
Having killed an Apache,  
Sang.  
Upon the flat land  
There sounded stamping.  
On the mountains  
There sounded rattling.  
At Wupatahi, Big Catclaw,  
Having killed an Apache,  
Sang.  
Upon the mountains  
There sounded rattling.<sup>2</sup>

After each song, the elders of the visiting party appointed some-551  
one to receive the gifts, provided by the men sung for. An enemy 533 ●  
slayer went to an enemy slayer; a headbearer to a headbearer. The 574  
present given for the fields was received by the very old man of  
the visiting party. Those designated to receive gifts did not go to  
get them themselves, but sent their women with carrying baskets.  
It was a game for women of the host village to chase and pelt the  
visitors as they went off with their booty, upsetting pots of syrup  
over their heads and aiming tortillas at their faces. The wives of  
the hosts sometimes danced and made motions illustrative of their  
husbands' exploits while the names of the men were being sung.

RACING

When the hosts had made full payment for blessings received, 526  
they had a chance to win back their investment by betting on the  
race. If the preliminaries were over by noon, this might take place  
the same day. More often it was postponed to the next morning,  
and the intervening time was occupied in making bets. Wagered

<sup>2</sup> For a Pima naming song similar to this and the previous one see Russell, p. 181.

546 goods were placed in a pile, with a shaman from each side to guard them, lest they be bewitched. Men and women all bet every article they had with them, including their scanty clothing. Informants remembered no betting ceremony for the men, but the following was reported for the women.

During the meal after the dance an old woman from the challenged village came dancing into the camp of the challengers, carrying on her head a bundle of wagered goods. She sang:

<sup>A</sup>[639]

All the stakes  
I am carrying on my head.  
Tied in a bundle,  
I carry them on my head.(19)

A woman of the challengers' camp took the bundle from her and danced in the same way. Then the wagered goods of the challengers were matched with it. There was never any betting between the sexes: women bet with women, and men with men.

- 533 When all the wagered goods had been collected, they were placed  
526 in a pile, matched two by two. While shamans of both sides guarded the pile, their men gathered in their respective camps, each group to sing songs for its own runners. The same songs usually applied to both running and kickball. Even songs designed to weaken an enemy in war could be used. However, one of the sets obtained was declared by informants to be for running, the other for kickball, and therefore they have been so classified.

SONGS FOR RUNNERS\*

526  
539

18. It is evening and I sing.  
Here I shall run;  
Here I shall rush out quickly.(39)
19. Toward the west songs are sounding.  
Then I, much stirred,  
Come forth and run;  
The wind blows hard;  
It leads me by the hand;  
I meet the sun  
And throw it high [like a ball].(22)

\* For Pima running songs see Russell, pp. 182, 196.

## THE PRAYER-STICK FESTIVAL

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the words in a rumbling tone "to sound like thunder." This speech 796<sup>x</sup> was not recorded.

They now prepared the scene where the feast was to be held. In front of the space where the dances would be performed they made a symbolic representation of the fields of all five villages. The director threw corn meal on one of the spectators and bade him bring sand. This helper, like all the others in important ceremonies, must run at his task, not walk. He filled a blanket full of sand several times, and disposed of it in front of the ceremonial house where the leaders sat. The director measured a plot about a hundred feet square. He marked this space into compartments "representing the fields" of each town concerned. After he had indicated the measurements, the other four leaders, as representatives of their villages, made the sand into piles with which they marked the boundaries of their respective fields, each in the direction in which its village lies. In these sand piles were placed the turkey-feather prayer sticks from the basket, eight in each pile.

This done, the basket was closed and returned to its place in the ceremonial house, and the spectators were told that the public performance of the ceremony would take place in ten days, to be reckoned by the tally sticks. Each leader returned to his own village, and that evening he summoned the men and announced the ten days of festival. His summons was the swinging of a bull 802<sup>]</sup> morer. Every man and youth in the village was expected to attend and, with them, the members of related villages who had come in to camp for the purpose. The leader made a speech outlining their duties for the next ten days, when all were supposed to be at his disposal and ready to work. Next morning they started.

Their first duty was to build a temporary brush enclosure in 844<sup>]</sup> which to work at the making of ceremonial paraphernalia. The enclosure was roofless, like the old winter hunting camps, and consisted merely of upright cactus ribs, with a thatching of greasewood. It was made in less than a day, and when it was finished the men sat down inside to sing for an hour "to make it stand up."

They had now to learn the songs which would be presented at 796<sup>x</sup> the ceremony and to fashion the effigies which would illustrate 63 ● them. Each village had eight hereditary song composers. These

<sup>A796</sup> were expected, at each prayer-stick festival to "dream" a new song  
 ●633 on some traditional subject, such as clouds, mountains, deer, corn.  
 Each man's song had always the same subject and the same place  
 in the series. The song composer had been notified ahead of time,  
 had composed his song and collected the materials for the effigy,  
 which he supplied himself. One man, whose subject was always  
 deer, took six months to kill three deer, mount and stuff them.

<sup>A796</sup> At this time, according to one informant(13), the men prepared  
 prayer-stick materials, cutting the short sticks, straightening the  
 cotton string, and sorting turkey-down feathers. The actual tying  
 of the feathers was done by the leaders, who retired to an arroyo  
 to work in secret. They made enough for distribution to every  
 man present. Another informant(a), said that no layman would  
 be allowed to touch such materials and that the leaders did all the  
 work, distributing only to the older men of each village.

On the night of the general announcement the village director  
 visited each composer, threw corn meal on him, and bade him come  
 to the shelter the next day. The composer brought his materials  
 and commandeered as many men as he needed to help him. If more  
 materials were needed, the director threw corn meal on a man  
 and sent him to get them. Most of the older men of the village  
 were thus occupied.

The young men practiced as singers and dancers. No stated  
 number was required: there might be any number from eight to  
 thirty. They were known as *vipinyim*, singular *vinyim*, which is the  
 word for north. The explanation is unsatisfactory, but since many  
 features of the ceremony strongly recall the Pueblos to the north  
 of the Papago, it is possible that the name refers to the district from  
 which the feast was brought.

The singers were among the few concerned with the ceremony  
 whose function was not hereditary. Anyone who wished might vol-  
 unteer, but, having done so, he must continue until he was too old  
 to dance. Practically, a man who had done this was likely to pass  
 his paraphernalia on to his son. The costume consisted of a kilt,  
 once of undyed cotton, later any woman's skirt obtainable, with  
 a bright-colored scarf around the waist as a substitute for the girdle

<sup>x</sup>796 Archie ceremonial house, under whose shade chosen boys and girls danced in position all day, doing honor to the local shrine.

These dancers may be described first, since they served as the focal point for all the processions. They represent the "flood children" described on pages 68-69 and thought to be eternally alive, underground, guarding the interests of their home region. For the impersonation there were chosen from each moiety a boy and a girl, distinguished for glossy long hair and holding their positions till youth was past. They are called *hakiwatam*, which may mean "parched-corn people," and they will be spoken of here as the corn dancers. The two boys painted the upper body black on the right side, brown on the left, with legs brown and face yellow, while the girls had both arms and legs brown and face yellow. The boys wore kilts and had a bow in the right hand and an arrow in the left, while the girls wore short dresses and carried an ear of corn in each hand.

The four "flood children" remained all day under the shelter outside the Archie ceremonial house, neither leaving their places nor tasting more than a sup of corn-meal gruel. At each side of them stood a corn-meal sprinkler, who functioned specially for them, and at their left sat an old man known as their helper, who rose and held the arms of the dancers when they grew tired. Behind them was their orchestra, with scraping sticks and basket drums. Their musicians had their hands whitened with chalk and their faces painted black above the nostrils and white below.

<sup>x</sup>796 Their songs had the same introduction as the songs for growth  
 ●533 and a like content, but the final refrain, instead of *hahina*, is usually *dnastonga*. Neither is translatable, but the latter syllables seem to set a song apart for this special festival. As usual with all scraping-stick songs, the music was in two sections: a "weak" section, when the sticks were tapped upon the drums, and a "strong," when they were scraped along the notched sticks. During the weak section the dancers held their fetishes low and flexed their knees; for the strong one, they raised the fetishes and stamped with the right foot. This performance continued quite without regard to the singing of the village processions. Though the latter paused before the corn dancers and sang their songs, appar-

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ently in honor of them, the corn musicians continued singing at the same time, a different tune and in different tempo.

796<sup>A</sup>  
533 ●

SONGS OF THE CORN MUSICIANS

796<sup>A</sup>  
539<sup>A</sup>

3. *Hi hianai hu!*  
The song starts and grows long.  
*Hltcia hdhina!*  
The ends of the song become rainbows;  
The rain is raining.  
*Hltcia dnastonga?*(8)
4. *Hi hianai hu!*  
Are you asking something of me?  
Did you come to show me something?(8)
5. *Hi hianai hu!*  
Here on my field  
Corn comes forth.  
My child takes it and runs,  
Happy.  
  
Here on my field  
Squash comes forth.  
My wife takes it and runs,  
Singing.(8)

The corn dancers were in their places at dawn, when the ceremony proper began. Its first act was the emergence from the enclosure of two masked men, whose hereditary office it was to represent the sun and the moon. Sun wore a mat of agave fiber, colored pink with a thin wash of red clay and rolled around his body from shoulders to knees, with holes for the arms. On his breast was painted a large circle divided into six segments, painted red, black, yellow, pink, white, and blue. Over his head was a mask of white buckskin, reaching to the shoulders and with small holes for the eyes. In his right hand he carried a war club, and in his left, a bow with a deer tail attached at each end.

Moon also wore an agave mat wrapped around his body, but in this case the mat was pink with white spots, and instead of a mask, he had a large buckskin shield, mounted on a stick and held in front of his face. The shield was circular, divided into

<sup>R</sup> 796 teers, as at Archie, but there were only two, with no effigies, and the songs had not been composed for the occasion. All the men who thought of volunteering stood grouped around their respective enclosures for most of the day. Two of them from the same village would decide on a song they knew, would step forward and be costumed as above. Beside the costume described, each was given two wands about four feet long, with a tuft of eagle tail feathers at each end and in the middle.

Extreme sacredness attached to these feathers. They were kept by an old man appointed as their guardian, who finally showed them to the writer. In spite of great feebleness, he was obliged, himself, to get down the sack in which they hung from the rafters, because none of his family dared touch them for fear of headache. His wife touched them inadvertently and declared later in the day that she was suffering intense pain. When properly used at the prayer-stick festival, however, the wands confer a blessing.

The costumed men took a wand in each hand. Then they stood in the enclosure facing each other and went through their dance and song. The dancing consisted of stamping with the right foot and waving the tufted wands in unison. The exact motion to be used in waving was decided by themselves. It might be horizontal, vertical, or in and out, like dumbbells. They never twirled the wands or made any elaborate gestures.

<sup>x</sup> 796  
<sup>•</sup> 533  
<sup>x</sup> 639 Meantime they sang in unnaturally high voices, the words being quite unintelligible through the masks. The songs were those sung at their home rainmaking festivals. Most were rain songs of very simple pattern.

20. Beneath Black Mountain  
 Evening falls;  
 Here above us  
 Is a black cloud. (25)

Others celebrated certain localities.

21. Yonder stands Foam Mountain, Elder Brother,  
 With foam on its head, Elder Brother;  
 Distant it stands, Elder Brother,  
 With foam on its head, Elder Brother. (26)

- 726 speaker, calling out the term of his own relationship. After this, in some villages, there was sung the series of songs to drive away evil, lest any man's weapons had been subject to the influence of a menstruating woman and lest some shaman of the enemy was working spells against them. Then came the war songs. These  
 ● 533 were originally the songs sung by Elder Brother in his campaign to drive the first inhabitants from the land, but many other songs, dreamed by warriors, have been accepted.

Two cycles are here quoted, from two different informants. The first was the son of an enemy slayer, who claimed that his series was the orthodox one.

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WARPATH SONGS OF INFORMANT 9<sup>1</sup>

7. Evening falls.  
 There I stand,  
 Looking at my enemy.  
 Morning rises.  
 There I stand,  
 Looking at my enemy.
8. The flat land is folding up;  
 I see it near.  
 The flat land is folding up;  
 The mountains are folding up;  
 I see them near.  
 The mountains are folding up.

*Sung by P'itai. The next morning the earth seemed to fold itself up and brought the enemy nearer.*

9. There sits a crow  
 And sees my enemy.  
 There stands a crow  
 And sees my enemy.
10. Here I stand and look.  
 What is the mountain  
 Far off, blue?  
 Here I stand and look.  
 It is Crow Mountain  
 Far off, with a cloud on it.

<sup>1</sup> For somewhat similar Pima songs see Russell, pp. 286-89.

WARFARE

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29. Coyote, our comrade,  
Runs to meet the enemy.  
Tomorrow, fight!

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539x

The final song was usually the appeal to Coyote. During this song, at Komarik, one warrior danced in the trail leading to the enemy's country. At the final words all gave the warwhoop, pounded their bows on the ground, or struck their shields (19).

Meantime, the shamans had been looking for the enemy by the aid of their crystals or by conversations with passing owls. Some were able to blow smoke toward the enemy, causing blindness or a mist which would hide the Papago movements. At the end of the singing they announced where and when the Apache would be met. The men then lay back to sleep, but before doing so they rubbed their hands with a downward stroke over their eyes and breathed in the direction of the enemy to cause him to sleep. (19)

After entering enemy country there was no further ritual. "They only sang if they were in trouble and could not find the enemy," otherwise they traveled by night and slept by day.

The usual engagement took the form of an early morning raid, when they rushed upon an Apache village, killed a man or two, or perhaps only women and children, and made their escape. No fight could last long, for each of the few men, as soon as he had killed an enemy, must leave the conflict and await purification. This long and complicated procedure will be taken up separately.

VICTORY

The war party arranged its homeward journey so as to camp on the last night near the village and make an entry at dawn. They collected the Apache trophies (which might be scalps, ears, or merely a war shirt, moccasin, or belt), tied them to a long pole, and sent them ahead by a messenger. As soon as he was within reach of the village, the messenger shouted the names of the enemy slayers, that preparation might be made for their segregation. After this he called the names of any Papago who had been killed.

The young girls of the village immediately set out to meet the war party. They seized each man's weapons and danced with them.

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wise, with hands clasped and fingers interlacing, as for the rain dance(19). Some describe them as leaping forward, all together, and then leaping back. The name of this circle dance was *kúihin* (leaping).<sup>9</sup>

The song cycle for this dance, more nearly intact than most of the others recorded, referred to the incident in I'toi's campaign when Buzzard was captured and forced to dance around his own scalp.<sup>10</sup> The songs refer to Buzzard and his plight, but they also describe realistically the dance ground and the tiny incidents such as the crying of the babies and I'toi's directions for nursing them, a novel interpolation in a war ceremony.

Some of the songs were in such archaic language that the singer himself had no idea of their meaning. He insisted that it was not a foreign tongue, merely the language of the "old people." The standard refrain *tángwi*<sup>11</sup> is one of these untranslatable words. So is *limhu*, mentioned by Miss Densmore as the name for all these songs.<sup>12</sup> The introduction is always "He, hel" uttered at the top of the singer's lungs.

SCALP SONGS(9)

727  
539A

2. He, hel  
In a circle join and sing;  
Here we sing.  
Jump and sing! Jump and sing!  
Look up here!  
Look up here!  
Look up here!
3. He, hel.  
Great doings!  
We have not killed your husband,  
He is not staggering;  
*Tángwi!*

<sup>9</sup> Russell (pp. 305-6) speaks of the Pima as celebrating victory by running and riding horses in concentric circles moving in opposite directions.

<sup>10</sup> See p. 12.

<sup>11</sup> It will be noticed that *tángwi* does not occur at the end of every song as the informant at first said it should. This may be due to forgetfulness on the singer's part, since he had not heard the songs since his childhood. The songs were put down as he sang them and may furnish some indication of how changes occur.

<sup>12</sup> Densmore, p. 124.

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tation of battle, jumping forward and backward and brandishing 727 shields and clubs belonging to the warriors. Any member of the 535 audience might join them. When no dancers had been engaged, members of the audience, even women, volunteered to lead the dance. They were rewarded by the relatives of the enemy slayers, who put into their hands at the end of the dance a bit of manure [201] indicating whether they were to receive a horse or a cow. In poor years the compensation might be only a basket.

The songs sung for the war dance are said to have been sung by Elder Brother on his campaign or when he had killed the 533 monster eagle. Others might be dreamed and presented new on the occasion. Each song was sung four times. The dancers walked during the first two repetitions and leaped during the second two.

WAR DANCE SONGS

18. At the foot of the east I got drunk;  
At the foot of the east I got drunk,  
My younger brothers!  
The white wind met me.  
It will drive me mad.(27)
19. Yonder a man runs shouting, saying:  
"Seclude [my family]," saying,  
The enemy slayer is saying,  
"Here long since has my shield been painted."(27)
20. Enemy slayer,  
Your wife is running toward you.  
Her hair is cut [in mourning];  
Every morning she weeps.(27)
21. Prisoner children [the scalps],  
I have adopted you.  
Here all about me  
Are standing eagle feathers.(27)

*When someone is coming, a bear it is said, always holds his paw out straight, then rubs his body.*

22. The little black bear!  
'Tis on the edge of Crow Mountain he sits;  
Toward the sun he is stretching out his paw.  
"With that my heart I rub."(27)

727  
539<sup>4</sup>

THE SALT PILGRIMAGE

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After the speech, scraping-stick songs were sung. These have the same introduction and ending as the songs to promote growth, and in them the salt is spoken of as corn. All the songs quoted (pp. 72-75) might be sung at this time and, conversely, the salt songs might be sung at a growing ceremony. The introductory songs are the same on both occasions. Here these are omitted, and only those songs which refer to salt are quoted from the writer's collection.

SCRAPING-STICK SONGS FOR THE PURIFICATION OF SALT PILGRIMS

12. *Hí hianai hu!*

Here we pour it out and sing for it [the salt].

Here we pour it out and sing for it.

We shall pour it all out and eat it.

The blue fetishes we have brought;

We pour it out and sing for it.

We shall eat it all,

*Hítcia háhina!*

*Hí hianai hu!*

Here we pour it out and sing for it.

Here we pour it out and sing for it.

We shall pour it all out and eat it.

The yellow fetishes we have brought;

We pour it out and sing for it

We shall eat it all.

*Hítcia háhina!(g)*

13. *Hí hianai hu!*

The blue prayer stick.

Met me there.

Beside the corn

Black [birds] in a row are singing.

The kernels are blue.

*Hítcia háhina!(g)*

14. *Hí hianai hu!*

Blue evening

Knows all.

Then I take the blue corn kernel [a prayer stick]

And sing for it.

*Hítcia háhina!*

317

723

539<sup>x</sup>

248

EAGLE KILLING

- 723 Eagle songs which have the correct form are always in two verses,  
 ● 533 the first dealing with the eagle, the second with the hawk. A  
 223 singer goes through both verses, then repeats the whole four times.  
 Of the songs quoted below, two are from the origin myth and describe I'itoi's adventure.\* A few others are part of an old cycle, of which the beginning and ending songs are noted. The ending song, however, has no distinguishing characteristic, and apparently its use as a finale was a matter of habit, not logic. The others form a cycle dreamed by a modern eagle killer in the order given.

I'ITOI'S SONGS

223

783

\* 539

4. I feel myself great.  
 They ask me to kill the eagle.  
 Near Ventana Mountain  
 I lie.  
 I feel myself great.  
 They ask me to kill the monster woman.  
 Near Poso Verde  
 I stand.(19)
5. I am very great,  
 Therefore they told me  
 To kill the eagle.  
 From Iolikam I descend;  
 As a great man I sing.  
 I am very great,  
 Therefore they told me  
 To kill the eagle.  
 From O'otkam I descend;  
 Beneath it I sit,  
 And as a great man I think.(16)

OLD CYCLE

INITIAL SONG

6. The eagle taught me  
 The use of a bow.  
 Then I made a beginning.

\* For Pima eagle songs see Russell, pp. 277-78, 289, 291-92, 306.

GIRLS' PUBERTY DANCE

255

In the southern part of the reservation the dance lasted four [184] nights (29); in the northern part, a whole month. It was given [535] wherever the family happened to be, either in camp or in a permanent village. "We used to have good times in cactus camp," one informant said, "because somebody would be sure to reach puberty, and then we would dance all the time." (26) [821] [786]

The length of the time of dancing depended on the wealth of [881] the girl's parents, since they must give a meal to the dancers every [535] night. Poor people might omit the dance entirely, trusting to [556] purification by the shaman to relieve the girl from danger. People who were well supplied sent word to neighboring villages and camps as soon as the girl's four-day seclusion was over, and crowds arrived every night to join in the gaiety.

There were several men in any village who knew the appropriate [881] songs. These they might have dreamed during some period of purification, or they might have learned them from others. The position of song leader for this dance was a popular one, since the leader danced next to the maiden. He and other men dancers received no pay except a meal at midnight. Their enjoyment of the dance came from the license permitted. The young girl dancers [716] received gifts from the maiden, "because they stayed up all night with her." If the dance lasted a month, she generally, when it ended, had disposed of all her clothes and ornaments except what she wore. [431]

In this dance men and women stood side by side in two lines [881] which faced each other. They placed their arms over each other's [535] shoulders and pulled their blankets across in front of them to make an unbroken covering for the whole line. This was the only dance where such close contact was permitted.

At the end of one line danced the song leader, with the maiden at his left and the rattle in his right hand. His wife danced opposite. The lines walked back and forth toward each other singing, for there was no choir on this occasion. After each four songs they rested, though the girl herself was not supposed to sit down. Her family provided a nonintoxicating drink of cactus juice or [212] some brew of berries and fruit. For the meal at midnight they [262] might kill a deer or provide a stew of rabbits, beans, and corn.

If the dance lasted a month, more than one song leader had to [881]

535  
533

88/ be called in. Men who heard of the performance often came from  
 535 great distances. There was a standard technique for use of the  
 538 rattle. Before midnight it was shaken with a circular motion to  
 the right; after midnight it was shaken vertically. Puberty songs  
 often did not concern the girl, but referred to any dreams of the  
 composer. There was a standard ending, *mim*, or *mum* which  
 sounds like a prolongation of the suffix for continued action.

88/ Songs were recorded from two informants, both official singers  
 539 for the dance. The series of each has been grouped separately.

FIRST SERIES(16)<sup>1</sup>

1. The sun is setting;  
 Here I stand and begin to sing.  
 A cloud stands over the segregation hut  
 In front of Reed Mountain.  
 All the clouds I am taking.
2. Poor little maiden!  
 In the evening you will clasp hands.  
 In the evening I arrive and hasten hither.  
 Hither I hasten and sing;  
 Songs follow each other in order.
3. Poor little maiden!  
 Four nights you will sing.  
 I stand, and songs begin:  
 Come, run hither! come, run hither!  
 Songs begin!
4. Evening is falling.  
 At evening I run.  
 Far, far, to Baboquiviri  
 I run and run back.
5. Lo, it is the duck children!  
 In the water they swim.  
 Thither I run and hear them talking.  
 The water is murmuring.

<sup>1</sup> Russell (p. 230) quotes one song as belonging definitely to *wonka* (Papago, *waaka*) girl's puberty. A number of others, variously classified, are in the style of the Papago songs, with their mention of wind, butterflies, etc. See Russell, pp. 292, 295-97, 300, 317, 322.

SHAMANISM

275

While around and around the white mountain  
She went circling.(16)

755  
534<sup>A</sup>

23. The lizard man, shaman,  
To him you compare me,  
To him who enters all the houses.  
But let no one think of me at all.  
It is this which will cure you.(20)

A species of large lizard is known as the house lizard because it in- [825]  
fests houses.

24. Coyote, my comrade,  
Hither ran.  
To the end of his tail  
A cloud was tied.(26)
25. Coyote, my comrade,  
Spit on the tips of his fingers.  
He laid them on [the sick man]  
"Haiya, sickness!  
I don't know what you are!  
Then I, having looked in vain,  
Sit back."(26)

Among the songs describing shamanistic visions were quoted ani- 755  
mal songs indistinguishable from those of the curing singers. A 787  
shaman averred, however, that such songs could be dreamed as well 533  
as any other and were as suitable for producing a trance. It seems  
possible that this was not always the case, but at least at present  
there is an overlapping of songs of the diagnostician and those of  
the curing singer.

26. Little black turtle  
Toward Badger Well was crawling;  
Toward it, squint-eyed, he was looking.  
Near him I stood,  
And twisting up he looked at me.(26)

755  
534<sup>A</sup>

27. Little full-bodied turtle  
All alone!  
His wife ran away,

HEALERS OTHER THAN THE SHAMAN

287

I once fell from a horse and was unconscious for twenty-four hours. 752  
During that time, devils came to me. They were dressed like Mexicans 776  
and had yellowish faces and mustaches. They were riding horses and 727  
had a spare horse for me. We rode inside the mountain ranges and  
saw the gold and silver piled up there. They sang and I learned their  
songs. When I came to, I was singing them.

Now, every night as I fall asleep I hear them singing, far off.  
It is a new song, and I learn it as they approach. When they arrive,  
I know it, and we go off singing together. Sometimes I don't remem-  
ber the song in the morning; often I do. I did not cure for a long  
time, but there was no one else who knew songs for the horse disease,  
so after awhile the people asked me to sing, and I did.

A woman informant said:

727

I have always dreamed since I was a child. I could have been a 759  
shaman, but my father did not wish it. But many visitants kept com-  
ing to me: Coyote came, a black thousand-legs, and finally a spider.

I had been picking cactus once and was tired. I made a mound of  
earth to support my head and lay down to sleep. Before me, at the  
entrance of a hollow in the rock, a spider was spinning its thread. I  
said to it: Won't you fall? Then it sang me a song about itself.

1. Little gray spider shaman

At the cave entrance hanging!

"Do not think I shall fall,

I have two hands;

By them I am hanging." (26)

Years afterward, when I was a widow and younger women began  
to come and ask my advice about their children, I began using that  
song. I found I had great power.

The meeter was usually instructed by his visitant as to how to 787  
obtain a fetish, which might be claw, tuft of hair, or peculiarly 759  
shaped stone. Sometimes the meeter himself carved the visitant's 533  
image out of wood. In curing, he waved the fetish over the patient  
or brushed away evil with it as the shaman brushed with his  
plumes. He also learned a song and the proper musical accompani-  
ment with rattle or basket drum. Often, as has been said, such a  
song might differ, only in one word or note from another that

759 the meeter had heard. There was every opportunity for such adap-  
787 tation, for curing songs were not secret, like shaman songs. The  
533 performance itself was public, and half the village attended to  
help with the singing and gain a blessing. One boy of twelve,  
known to the writer, had already a large repertoire of curing  
songs and would have found little trouble in "dreaming" more.

Some meeters had only one dream and one song but usually,  
they went on to a whole series, which might involve several vis-  
itants. One(17) who supplied many of the songs quoted, was al-  
most a full-time professional, with a song for every ailment. He  
had a list of symptoms for each disease, gained, he said, by ob-  
servation of the people for whom he sang. In fact, every singer  
was able to give some such list. Some symptoms seemed to be so  
widely known that when they appeared no diagnostician was  
called for, but the curing singer came in immediately.

755 The singer was invited by having a little corn meal placed in  
759 his hand. He came at sunset and sang or recited all night, with  
533a pause at midnight to eat. The one seen by the writer had no  
fetish, but after each song, he leaned toward the patient so that  
she could breathe from him. If several singers were present, they  
took turns, each singing his own songs, while the other singers  
and the audience helped.

The songs below are from several different singers, arranged so  
that all those referring to one animal are placed together. The  
statements of symptoms have been added for what interest they  
may have, and also the fetish and the musical accompaniment de-  
manded by each singer.\* The songs "were composed by the ani-  
mals, telling of their habits, so that people would understand  
them and not cause annoyance." They might, therefore, be comic  
or disparaging, as well as poetic or realistic. They were never  
merely laudatory and never in the form of a prayer. But quite  
usually they began with the animal's name as a powerful form  
of invocation.

755 BADGER.—Symptoms: swelling, or boils on the neck. Fetish: a  
753

777 \* Many of these details may have become standardized in the area, since Russell  
often quotes similar ones for the Pima (Russell, pp. 262-67).

14

MODERN  
CEREMONIAL  
LIFE

<sup>x 796</sup>  
<sup>533</sup> **T**HE Papago flair for song composition is still fully alive. In 1931 and 1933 there were given at Santa Rosa two performances with effigies and dance movements supervised by the local keeper of the smoke. It was a variant of the old custom of dreaming a series of songs with appropriate paraphernalia for the skipping dance. But in this case the effigies were large and elaborate like those for the prayer-stick festival and, instead of being carried in procession, were so used as to amount to a stage setting.

CEREMONY FOR POWER

<sup>x 796</sup> The purpose of the ceremony was, not to provide entertainment, but to get power. Santa Rosa has been a stronghold of old customs, and it was felt that its orthodoxy was being undermined. Therefore people dreamed less, and prosperity was failing. One [797] shaman who attended the dance said that he expected to get from it power to cure automobile accidents, which had been hitherto entirely outside his sphere.

<sup>787</sup> The whole dance was dreamed by the keeper of the smoke, a man of ninety. In 1930 he had a severe illness, and when he achieved the state of semi-consciousness propitious for dreams, had the following vision.

<sup>787</sup> He was taken to a great city in the East "with high stone walls like  
<sup>177</sup> canyons." He met a ceremonial clown and asked how he came there. The clown said: "People from this eastern land took my picture and

[p. 305]

787 carried it with them to the ocean, so I was drawn after it." The clown  
 177 then offered to lead the old man home again to Santa Rosa. He  
 moved under the earth, as a ceremonial clown always does, guiding  
 the man above by his singing.

He led the smoke keeper, not to his home, but to the shrine outside the village, where four children were once sacrificed to prevent a flood. The children came out singing, and they and the clown led the old man through all the familiar sites of legendary Papagueria. They went to Superstition Mountain, where a group of people was turned to stone in the legendary flood. They crossed water, as did Elder Brother and his conquering army. At last they came to the "Earth Navel." It was in the shape of a thatched council house, hung with all the implements of ancient Papago life. There were upon it bows and arrows, masks for singers in the prayer-stick festival, and rain symbols. Above these was a tall pole, painted red, white, and blue. The clown said to the old man: "See, the white men are correct; the earth moves," and as he looked the house with its pole began to revolve. Then the clown bade him: "Look at all these things that our people used to use. Think about them and tell the people also to look and think once more. After that, if they wish to abandon them and take up White ways, let them do so."

Then the flood children went singing home, and the old man followed.

787 On the basis of this story, the old man composed a series of  
 796 songs, which (after the manner of the songs in the origin myth)  
 533 refer to the crises in the story rather than explain them. He had  
 798 huge effigies made by the villagers, representing the children's shrine, Superstition Mountain, and the earth navel. These were decorated with birds and animals in clay, wood, and oilcloth and with all the paraphernalia he had seen in his dream. They were placed on the dance ground some thirty feet apart and acted as a stage setting.

796 The old man taught his songs to the scraping-stick musicians  
 533 and to all other men in the village who wished to learn, as well as a number of the older women. For this purpose they gathered nightly in the council house for a month. He told the singers the dream on which the songs were based, but no one else knew unless some singer explained to him. The old man then selected ten

girls and ten boys as dancers and instructed them in dance movements of his own arrangement. 796<sup>x</sup>  
533

On the day of the dance, the people gathered early to look at the effigies, breathe in from them, and then run their hands down their bodies acquiring power. The composer then made a speech in the customary low voice of ceremonial oratory. The speech did not give the narrative of the "opera," but urged the people to follow the old customs, to celebrate the rainmaking feast, the girl's puberty dance, and the prayer-stick festival in order that they might have rain and crops.

The dance opened with the appearance of the clown. One of the hereditary holders of this function appeared at a distance, coming from the north, which is the home of Navitcu. He wore his regular costume, paint, and mask, carried in his right hand the clown's crooked bow and in his left an arrow and the traditional cactus stick. The latter he stuck in the ground near the council house during the ceremony.

The twenty boy and girl dancers ran from the council house to meet him, in costumes reminiscent of the cleansing ceremony. The boys wore the usual kilt made of any available material (in this case a woman's skirt) and were barefoot. Their bodies were painted white, except for the face, which was white with red dots. Decoration was achieved by colored ribbons around wrists and ankles, and colored headbands on the hair. The girls wore modern dress, but they were barefoot, and the visible parts of their bodies were painted like the boys. They were chosen, as in the old days, for long, glossy hair. Every dancer held in the right hand an ear of corn, topped with an eagle-wing feather, in the left a stick on whose tip was a bunch of cotton to simulate clouds.

Music was provided by seven men with sticks and basket drums and three with gourds, all with colored headbands and hands painted white. Behind them sat all the men and women who knew the songs. Each song was sung eight times, the gourds being used all the time. The sticks were thumped on the baskets for the first two repetitions, rubbed for the next two, and so on alternately. During the thumping the dancers held their fetishes high and stamped, while the clown leaped. During the rubbing all

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MODERN CEREMONIAL LIFE

<sup>796</sup>rested: the dancers flexed their knees, with fetishes low, and the  
<sup>533</sup>clown walked.

<sup>796</sup>The general plan of the dance was a circling and stamping  
<sup>533</sup>around each effigy in succession. The dancers circled it during the first two songs, the girls moving clockwise, the boys in a circle outside them, counterclockwise. Then they stood around it, their movements violent or subdued according to the music. When the time for violent movements arrived at the effigy of Superstition Mountain, the boy dancers raised it as the songs of the shaman raised it during the legendary flood. At the earth navel effigy they raised the thatched house and revolved it as the earth was declared to revolve in the song.

<sup>796</sup>  
<sup>539</sup>SONGS OF THE CEREMONY FOR POWER (13)

1. The maidens of old time  
Here are lying.  
The corn they cause to stand [above them].  
Then we, having seen,  
Thither run.

Led by the clown, the boys and girls emerge from the council house in couples and circle the effigy of the Children's Shrine.

2. Here the children's grave  
Now is made.  
On it pleasant things  
Will be done.  
Cloudlike, the children of old time  
Will run out.
3. Eagle feathers we pull out;  
Eagle headdresses we erect.  
Eagle down we pull out;  
Feather headdresses we erect.
4. Did not you treat me ill?  
There in the water  
Between four mountains  
You placed me.

MODERN SONG CYCLE

There are still many song dreamers, young as well as old. Many <sup>533</sup> songs consist merely of variations on the standard poetic phrases, <sup>787</sup> but a few deal with the entirely new background introduced by the whites. One composer has a modern guardian spirit, the devil. <sup>[776]</sup> This visitant, as has been mentioned, cures diseases due to those <sup>[797]</sup> white man's importations, the horse and the cow. He has also, in nightly wanderings, sung to his protégé songs concerning railroads and telegraph wires.

In some of these the words are placed with excellent onomato-<sup>533</sup> poetic effect. The custom of using extra vocables is a great opportunity for the introduction of appropriate sounds, and this has been done in line three, where the regular bumping of a train over the rails is imitated. In the last line the syllable *amo* has been added to two words as the train disappears trailing smoke. <sup>[522]</sup> The humor may need explanation. That anything so sacred as a cloud hangs over the iron wagon makes it seem, at first, divine. Then the error is dissipated.

THE APPROACHING TRAIN

17. The iron wagon hither runs.  
The iron wagon hither runs.  
Over it a cloud is lying.  
Oh! It's only the smoke.(12)

<sup>533</sup>  
<sup>539\*</sup>

RAILS

18. Yonder far I ran,  
Walked and ran.  
Iron stretched out.  
Then I beside it ran.  
Nowhere did it end.  
It stretched out.(12)

In this song the diphthong *au*, in the words meaning "to stretch," is lengthened and emphasized with realistic stretching effect.

MODERN CEREMONIAL LIFE

TELEGRAPH WIRES

19. Westward is an iron road  
Above it iron stretches;  
Humming, it stretches.(12)

DISTANT TRAIN

20. Telmot Mountain!  
Telmot Mountain!  
Up there, on the edge I lie,  
Everywhere looking.  
Far yonder, toward me,  
A burning feather headdress  
Upon me shines.(12)

THE BLENDING WITH CHRISTIANITY

197 Ever since the late seventeenth century, there have been Papago  
794 who were properly baptized Roman Catholics. Yet there was never  
a church in desert country until after the arrival of American  
priests in 1909. For over two hundred years, then, the contacts of  
the Desert People with organized Christianity have been inter-  
mittent and mostly of their own choosing. The result is some ver-  
sions of Catholic ceremony which are of their own devising, but  
are cherished to this day.

797 The first baptisms in Papago country were made by Father  
Kino, the famous Jesuit missionary who labored among the Pi-  
mans from 1687 to 1711. Kino established a string of missions in  
what is now Sonora, with only two north of the present interna-  
tional border. These were San Gabriel, at the village of Guevavi  
(later moved to Tumacacori), and San Xavier, at the village of  
Bac (Papago, *wahk*, the hollow place). Their site, in the fertile  
valley of the Santa Cruz, is now occupied by Tucson and other  
towns. It was then the home of the Soba Jipuri, a branch of the  
Pimans which has become almost extinct.<sup>1</sup> Kino was particularly im-  
pressed with the agriculturists of this valley, and he stocked their  
missions well with grain and cattle. Probably, too, he gave them  
the standard organization for a mission church, with native sac-

<sup>1</sup> Underhill, 1939, pp. 15-17.

kitchen. Several beeves are consumed on such an occasion, and <sup>796</sup><sub>177</sub> a hundredweight of bread. After dark there may be a service in the church led by the woman officiant, and here the scene is outstandingly Mexican. Women crowd in and kneel in the tiny space, while the men stand outside.

After the service, the whole congregation forms a procession, like that to be seen in so many Mexican towns. The head man carries the saint's image, and perhaps two acolytes hold an arch of paper flowers over his head. Behind him comes an orchestra <sup>533</sup> of guitar and two violins, which may cost the church owners twenty-five dollars a night. Then comes the congregation, men first, women following. They march to the cross, which the head man circles, while the followers turn about face, and then they return to the church where all leave contributions in the clay bank on the altar.

After this, comes the dancing. The orchestra takes its place in a booth, and the men make a fire if the night is cold. Old people, young people, and children dance a sort of polka. The Papago <sup>535</sup> know that this dance was brought from Mexico, but they still observe some of their own rules. Girls dance with girls and boys with boys. Respectable women dance only with their husbands. <sup>576</sup> The dance ground contains as many small children as adults.

In the dark, at the outskirts of the dance ground, drinking goes <sup>796</sup><sub>177</sub> on. So does lovemaking. Both these relaxations were a part of the old rainmaking ceremony, and a few years ago the drink <sup>786</sup> served at church fiestas was the native cactus beer. At present it is <sup>273</sup> hard liquor brought in by bootleggers, and drunkenness is sometimes extreme. This change is hard to assess exactly, for the very same thing has gone on in Mexico. Many Sonora Indians, like the Papago, practiced ceremonial drinking and have now transferred the custom to Christian feasts. The Papago may have copied their Mexican neighbors, or the change to a near orgy may have been a parallel development with all. Certainly when people begin to revive on Sunday afternoon (the dancing goes on throughout Saturday night), there are usually some serious injuries to be found and occasionally a death.

These unaffiliated churches may have been developing at the <sup>794</sup><sub>177</sub>

## MODERN CEREMONIAL LIFE

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Other ceremonies celebrated with the co-operation of church authorities are St. John's Day, the Day of the Assumption, and All Souls' Day. The writer saw St. John's Day at Santa Rosa. The church was decorated with paper flowers, and on the evening of the day (arrangements could not be made for the evening before, which was the correct time) the women sang the Rosary. Then a hired orchestra of Papago, with violins and guitars, took their places outside the church. The boys and girls danced in couples, a Spanish form of fox trot, until well after sunrise the next morning. Then a "chicken pull" was held. This is the Spanish *corso de gallo*, in which a live cock is buried to its neck in the sand and horsemen, galloping past, lean over and try to pull it out. [533] •

The feast of the Assumption was very similar, but without the chicken pull. On that night women put up a canvas shelter outside the church and cooked a huge meal of beans, tortillas, and boiled meat. Inside the church the Rosary was sung and then the young people danced all night. There were some villages in which this dancing continued three days.

All Souls has versions varying from the completely Christian to those with decided Indian flavor. It should be mentioned that all Papago now have Christian burial. Perhaps because their own treatment of death was so unceremonious, they have found room for the funeral practices of the whites more easily than for other religious services. Whereas the corpse was once thrust into a crevice and sealed in with rocks or housed, seated, in a cabin of stone, it is now laid in a coffin and buried, facing the east. Whereas there was only a hasty farewell, with the adjuration not to return, there are now prayers by a clergyman or at least a layman. [746] ↑

But the custom of placing gifts with the dead persists, or did in 1932. Expensive clothes and saddles are often bought, and the grave may be lavishly stocked with goods and food. Some families keep dishes at a grave from year to year, and one dish, seen by the writer was in the ancient ceremonial duck form. On All Souls' night a feast for the dead is set out in many a house, but the family does not share it with the departed in Mexican style. Papago fear of the dead is too strong for that, so the living leave the house and spend the haunted hours in church. [764] ↑

- 624 Like the war leader, this ceremonial official might have a younger  
526 assistant to lead the cheering and argue the possible fouls. The  
women contestants had a woman for this function "since it would  
not be right for a woman to argue with a man."

SONG LEADER

- 624 A man with a loud voice and a memory for songs was chosen to  
533 lead the communal singing, particularly at the liquor fermentation.  
He usually asked certain good singers to stand next to him and  
head the line.

THE COUNCIL

- 623 In every village, or even where two or three families were camping  
together, a nightly men's meeting was held. This was the real  
governing power of the community. It decided on communal  
activities: agricultural work, hunts, war, the dates of ceremonies,  
games with other villages. It approved the installation of a chief or  
of new residents in the village. "And if there was nothing to  
discuss, they would come together and talk." (21). Men reported  
whether they had seen tracks of enemies or of deer. Visitors from  
other villages were welcomed and questioned.

- [68] Attendance was a duty for every man and in the myths a man  
who absented himself was dealt with by a deputation. There was no  
point at which a boy became officially eligible but when he seemed  
old enough to understand and wanted to go, some older relative  
[562] would take him. Women were not admitted but when something  
interesting was discussed, they would stand outside and listen. "But  
we didn't do it much, because our husbands came home and told  
[756] us." According to two informants, the shaman was excluded as  
a possible sorcerer (1).

- There was a distinction between the men who formed the actual  
deliberative body and the listeners. The word s'tou-amiteu't means  
wise, or able. It was not an official title but was applied to men who  
had shown themselves fit to take part in the council. In some  
villages these were selected by the Keeper of the Meeting (15, 11),  
who would test a promising mature man by having him make ex  
tempore, one of the usual speeches of admonition and seeing if he  
remembered all the points (21). "He must have good judgment and  
a quick understanding of what is said. The old men were always  
[554] looking out for people like that." In some villages no man was  
expected to speak unless he were a "ripe man", that is, had been  
through the purification incident on salt gathering or enemy  
killing (9). In others enemy killing was the qualification (25). Or

464 contacts of the southern villages made for more flexibility and disorganization than there was in the north.

#### CEREMONIAL PAYMENTS

431 The Papago had one ceremony which involved large payments  
796 between villages. Ostensibly they were for ceremonial services which brought blessing and rain but they performed, as well, two very practical functions. One was that the village making the payments could invest its harvest on a much wider scale than that permitted by family gifts and the other, that gift relationships were cemented with what might be called foreigners: the members of another village and even of another dialect group. The ceremony was the dance of greeting and blessing which preceded intervillage games.

431 Games were played between two village units or groups of units,  
526 the same opponents challenging each other alternately, year after  
796 year. The time chosen was autumn, when the crops were in and when there was not only leisure but goods for gifts and gambling. The challenging village always "sang for" its opponent, either a rudimentary operetta, in which costumed dancers performed to singing, or a series of songs which glorified the important residents of the host village. Songs of both kinds brought good luck which, according to Papago ideas of reciprocity, should be paid for.

431 When a village had been challenged and had paid it was etiquette  
796 for it to issue the challenge next year and be paid in turn. After that, either village was at liberty to pick out a new opponent but, as a rule, they continued together over a long period and established definite gift relationships. But occasionally, a village which had had a poor harvest would strike out in a new direction and sing for somebody "rich". Russell<sup>1</sup> mentions the Papago (probably the northern villages) singing regularly for the Pima, and some Papagos from Somerton (Sand Papagos!) came yearly in regalia, marched and danced with rattles for the Yuma.<sup>2</sup> But the wealthy agriculturists were too busy with their own affairs to need this form of exchange and the visits were seldom returned.

The visiting party arrived a day early, camped outside the host village and sent in a costumed messenger with a formal challenge to games. The messenger carried a bundle of sticks, each representing a household head in the visiting party, who would expect a gift. If the household head could not come, some younger male represented him, but gifts were made only to households, not individuals.

<sup>1</sup> Russell p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> Gifford, 1933, p. 262.

x/159 never tasted anything like it. Wheat flour makes me sick! I think it has  
352 no strength. But when I am weak, when I am tired, my grandchildren  
make me gruel out of the wild seeds. That is food.

x/159 I used to help my mother. When I was very little I began to grind the  
868 seeds, just for a short time. When I was ten years old I did it all, for then  
a daughter should be able to take over the work and let her mother sit  
down to baskets. But I am telling you about the early days when I could  
only grind a little. Then we pulled the grinding slab inside the house by the  
fire and my mother knelt behind it. I picked the dirt out of the seeds and  
handed them to her, and the pot boiled on the hearth on the three stones  
that we kept there.

x/159 My father was very busy, for he was the chief of our village. People  
622 used to bring their quarrels to him, and I remember him sitting crosslegged  
under the arbor we had to keep off the sun, listening with his head bent  
and his arms folded, while people talked.

[622] "My daughter disappeared with a man on the last night of the maiden's  
dance. I want her beaten." "How many stripes?" "Twenty." "Fifteen,"  
said my father. He was a gay man who liked to war and to gamble. He did  
not like to beat women.

x/159 Some days nobody would come, and then he would gamble with the  
325 other men, throwing the sticks that we use for dice, and then moving  
● 523 stones around a circle as many moves as there were marks on the stick.  
We used to hear the men singing in a low tone, before they threw, to give  
them luck:

[777]

Down I shall throw  
The smooth stone I shall move  
Move it to the corner.

x/159 They smoked, too, and I can smell their tobacco yet, the strong wild  
271 tobacco that we do not have any more. It was tied in a long corn husk, so  
white, so nice, and when one man passed it to another he said: "Friend!"  
And the other said, "Friend."

x/159 When the sun was high, high, my brothers and my sister came home,  
[523] and as each one came my mother gave them food. She dipped the gruel  
264 out of the pot into a bowl, for my mother was a good potter. We all had  
bowls in our house. Only my father and my mother ate out of the same  
one laughing together, because they liked each other. When my mother  
dipped out our food she said: "Do not eat it hot. You will have wrinkles."  
She set mine on the grinding slab to cool. "It will make you industrious,"  
my mother said. My father said to the boys: "Do not eat it hot, no matter

how hungry you are. Wait till it has scum on it. So you will be a runner and not a fat man." <sup>159<sup>x</sup></sup><sub>264</sub>

When we had finished we did not wash the dishes. How could we, with no water! We scooped food out with our knuckles. The boys used two knuckles because men have time to eat. We girls used three because women must hurry and work. When we were through it was only my father who could wipe his fingers between his toes. That was because he was a warrior and had killed enemies. The rest of us wiped them on the ground and rubbed our hands together. I do not like water on my dishes even now. They feel so smooth. [70]

Then we made our toilet. We washed our faces in a little cold water, but we did not bathe. Rubbing yourself with earth does just as well. Then the older girls painted themselves with beautiful red paint, all in dots and splashes. I went out to play. <sup>159<sup>x</sup></sup><sub>615</sub><sub>302</sub>

I played with the boys and girls who were children of my uncles. Brothers and sisters, we call them. We had no clothes, any of us, but we were not cold. We went to a sunny place and made ourselves dolls of mesquite leaves tied with strings of corn husk for arms and legs and head. We had a little stone for the grinding slab and some sand for the corn. The boys had men dolls and they would take them away and say: "We go hunting." "Well, go," said the wives. Then the boys would hunt all around the village and find a deer bone. "Here is a deer for you." <sup>159<sup>x</sup></sup><sub>257</sub><sub>[291]</sub><sub>[524]</sub>

Sometimes the boys went to get rats. They poked them out of the holes and hit them with sticks. Then we roasted them on sticks with the skins on. Good food, that used to be! <sub>[262]</sub>

Sometimes we went to run races. We had a good racetrack in our village. Our men had cleared a road that ran across the flat land as far as you could see, and every day they swept it with greasewood branches to keep off the thorns. They had a song: <sup>159<sup>x</sup></sup><sub>526</sub><sub>[533]</sub>

The hawk made the race-track  
And on it we won  
A-a-ah!

We ran with the hawk  
And won a Hawk's heart  
A-a-ah!

All our young men and girls practised on that racetrack so they could run fast against the other villages. We children ran, too. Every day I ran until I was ten years old and had to be doing the house work.

<sup>1</sup>159 But we did not stay at Mesquite Root all the time. We were hungry  
221 people, we and my father's brothers and his cousins who lived around us.  
In those winter days my father went to hunt deer and sometimes we all  
went with him down over the Mexican border to pick the century plant  
and roast it or to get stalks for our basketry or clay for our pots.

<sup>x</sup>159 All the year round we were watching where the wild things grew so we  
222 could pick them. Elder Brother planted those things for us. He told us  
where they are and how to cook them. You would not know if it had not  
been Given. You would not know you could eat cactus stems and shake the  
seeds out of the weeds. Elder Brother did not tell the Whites that. To them  
[26] he gave peaches and grapes and wheat, but to us he gave the wild seeds  
and the cactus. Those are the good foods.

There was a kind of cactus called cholla, and when its buds were green  
we all went and stayed for many days picking them, up in the hills. We  
[34] pulled the tops of some palo verde trees together and piled greasewood  
bushes over them to make a shelter and there we lived. My uncles made  
shelters, too, and my mother and my uncles' wives all went together to  
pick the cactus. They broke off the new stems with tongs and rolled them  
around on the ground to get the thorns off, and then baked them all night  
in a big pit. They smelled fresh and fine when they came out. When the  
big pit was roasting slowly in the night, the women threw green cholla  
stems on the campfire ashes to cook. We pulled them out, knocked off the  
thorns, and ate them hot. Ah, good, good food! We ate nothing else for those  
three weeks. Green things!

At last the giant cactus grew ripe on all the hills. It made us laugh to  
see the fruit on top of all the stalks, so many, and the men would point to  
it and say: "See the liquor growing." We went to pick it, to the same place  
where we always camped, and every day my mother and all the women went  
out with baskets. They knocked the fruit down with cactus poles. It fell  
on the ground and all the red pulp came out. Then I picked it up, and dug  
it out of the shell with my fingers, and put it in my mother's basket. She  
told me always to throw down the skins with the red inside uppermost,  
[82] because that would bring the rain.

<sup>x</sup>159 It was good at cactus camp. When my father lay down to sleep at night  
● 533 he would sing songs about the cactus liquor. And we could hear songs in  
my uncle's camp across the hill. Everybody sang. We felt as if a beautiful  
thing was coming. Because the rain was coming and the dancing and the  
songs.

Where on Quijotoa Mountain a cloud stands  
There my heart stands with it.

Where the mountain trembles with the thunder  
My heart trembles with it.

159<sup>x</sup>  
533●

That was what they sang. When I sing that song yet it makes me dance.

Then the little rains began to come. We had jugs of the juice that my mother had boiled, and all the women carried them in their nets as we came running down the mountain back to our village. Much, much liquor we made, and we drank it to pull down the clouds, for that is what we call it. I was too little to drink. They put me on the house top with my older sister. Our jars of liquor were up there, too. The house top was the only safe place.

We heard the people singing over by the council house:

There sits the magician of the east  
Holding the rain by the hand  
The wind holding by the hand  
He sits.

Then they began to drink. Making themselves beautifully drunk, for that is how our words have it. People must all make themselves drunk like plants in the rain and they must sing for happiness. We heard them singing all day all over the village. Then my father and mother came and stood by the house where we were on the roof, with many relatives. Oh, they were very happy. "Reach us down a new jar from the roof," they said. So my sister handed it down. Then they gave it to drink to all the relatives whom they loved. And each, when he had drunk, sang a song.

The next day a relative came and said: "Your father and mother are out by the arroyo sleeping. Let a child go and stay with them until they wake." So my sister went. My brothers were drunk, too, but we did not know where. At last my father and mother awoke and came home very happy. For many days they sang.

## II

My father told my mother: "There is going to be a big war party. We have sent men to run to the Place of the Burnt Seeds and the Buffalo Head and Where the Willows Grow and Where the Owls Hoot and to Hackberry Pond. They are to meet us in ten days at the foot of the hills where the Apaches live."

My mother was frightened. It was near her time to menstruate and she was afraid it would not be over before my father wanted to go. Then he would have to stay home, because a menstruating wife would weaken him so he would be killed. My mother was careful about that. She went out of

x  
159 the house as soon as it began; she never waited a minute. She never touched  
721 my father's arrows nor even looked at them when she could hurt them. So  
841 she told him. Then she went straight out to the Little House so it would  
be safe for my father to mend his arrows and twist a new bow string. I  
took her food to her, and every day I would ask: "Has it come?" And on  
the second day she said: "Yes." So it passed and my father could go.

x  
159 The men went early in the morning before light, and they were gone  
722 eight days. All that time we girls and women kept very quiet. When the  
older girls came home with a load of wood, they never threw it down hard;  
they placed it softly. We did not laugh nor talk loud. Old Leaf Buds came  
to see us. Her husband was going to take care of my father if he was a  
Killer. And Leaf Buds was going to take care of my mother. So my mother  
tried to finish the mat she was making, because if my father was a Killer  
she would have to be purified and then she could not work at all.

She talked to us while she was finishing her work and told us what to  
do, because she would be gone four times four days. I was little then and I  
thought it would be good to stop work for so many days. But some of the  
women did not like it. They asked their husbands not to be Killers. There  
was once a woman who was making a big basket and she wanted to get it  
done. But the men made up a war party. So she told her husband she was  
menstruating and he had to stay home. They say that woman never men-  
struated again.

The men were gone eight days. I know how that fight was because my  
father told me. We were not women who were afraid of war power. We  
were Killers' women.

x  
159 The men from all the villages met at Basket Cap Mountain, and there  
599 my father made them speeches, sitting with his arms folded and talking  
533 low as all great men do. Then they sang the war songs:

726

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing  
That therewith my enemy  
Staggering forward  
Shall fall.

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing  
That therewith my enemy  
Staggering sideways  
Shall fall.

Many, many songs they sang but I, a woman, cannot tell you all. I know  
that they made the enemy blind and dizzy with their singing and that they

told the gopher to gnaw their arrows. And I know that they called on our dead warriors who have turned into owls and live in the Apache country to come and tell them where the enemy were. Facing the enemy they sat, while they sang, that they might bring darkness upon him. 159x 533 726

All that time the medicine man sat alone on a little hill waiting for the owl-dead to come to him. He had dreamed of owls himself and so he could speak with them. They always took an Owl-Meeter on to war with them to call the dead who are our spies. 787 726

Soon that medicine man came back to the others and said: "Has anyone some of our old, wild tobacco?" They gave him some. Then he went back and they saw lights when he made two cigarettes. They saw those lights move as cigarettes do when two people are smoking. They heard the medicine man talking, very low, and then they saw both cigarettes thrown away. The medicine man came back and said: "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We will come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did. They jumped on the enemy and fought. When our men go toward an Apache, they do not just walk. They leap. My father got separated from the others, he and one Apache. There was a giant cactus between them. You know a cactus trunk is as wide as a thin man. Each shot at the other, and the other dodged behind the cactus till it was stuck full of arrows to the height of a man. 159x 726

They could both talk a little Spanish, so they shouted at each other. The Apache said: "I am a *man*." My father: "I, also, a *man*!" They threw down their bows and arrows and started wrestling. My father was down. Far away, his brother saw that and came running. He clubbed the Apache from behind. My father got up and clubbed, too. So he was dead and my father and his brother were Enemy Slayers.

They stopped fighting right away because an enemy's death lets power loose. You must take care of yourself until you have tamed that power or it will kill you. You could not stand against arrows with such power around you. You would be like a sick man. You would fall. So they painted their faces black to show what had happened. They carried black paint for that in little deerskin bags. They stood away from the others, and other men who had killed came to join them. 159x 727 778 302

The leader of the fight saw and he sent an old man who had killed, himself, so that he was not in danger. That man kept them away from the other men the way you keep away people who have a sickness. He made them walk behind the others and camp away from them all the way home. They never mixed their cornmeal for themselves. He mixed it for them—oh, so very little! Brave men do not want to eat when they are getting

yes, clubs and shields. And they dance with them in front of the men. They<sup>159x</sup> dance and they sing with those weapons, and they will not give them back<sup>727</sup> until the men have paid them.

We heard those girls run out, the girls who could run far. And when the men came near we saw the old woman go dancing out; the woman who<sup>[589]</sup> takes the scalps. Foamy Water was her name; a woman who could not menstruate and hurt those powerful things. She took it when she was old enough from her mother who was called Painted Girl, because Painted Girl was so old she could not dance any more.

But Foamy Water danced hard. They gave her the hair of the Apache,<sup>159x</sup> not scalps, just long hairs from the temples, and they gave her his beaded<sup>727</sup> buckskin shoe. They had tied those things on a pole, and she came dancing<sup>887</sup> with it into the village, dancing at every house. She came outside our house making the pole go up and down. She sang:

Here I stand, singing for my prisoner  
Come and see, Oh, women!  
I dreamed that I saw light  
At the tips of the warriors' feathers.

[533] ●

Then she stuck the pole in front of the council house and all the people went there to hear about the fight. It is the two messengers who tell that story before the fighters come, and sometimes after they tell about the killing, they end up: "But they got some of our men." Then they tell how they made a fire and burned up the dead men with everything they had. Because<sup>[766]</sup> we dare not bury a man who died in the enemy's country. We must have fire to take away the power of the Apache.

We thought if anyone was dead we would hear the crying. So my grand-<sup>159x</sup> mother listened; she knew the women's voices. But there was no crying.<sup>727</sup> So my grandmother cooked us our food, and she did not put any salt in it because we were being purified. I sat by the house wall away from the fire<sup>[563]</sup> and I was cold. I heard the men who had not killed come into the village,<sup>713</sup> yelling and whipping their horses, and I heard everybody singing at the council house, stamping up and down:

Poor crow. There it hangs. Poor crow.

[533]

They sang that way every night for all the days of purifying. It is a good thing to have the enemy's hair raised on a pole above our houses. It calls the clouds to it and brings rain on our land, and then the corn comes up. But those who have brought the blessing cannot dance. Not they and not their families. Leaf Buds' husband went out to meet my father and led

<sup>x</sup>159 him to a mesquite tree far away so that his power would not come near  
 227 us. He hung his bow and arrows on that tree, and my father sat down under  
 172 it. So! Do you see? With legs under him and his head on his breast. So our  
 [514] powerful men always sit waiting for a vision. And visions always came to  
 my father.

I did not know  
 I did not know  
 And then I knew.

● [533]

That was what he sang, all alone in the night.

Alas!  
 Something I know  
 Clearly I know  
 I killed an Apache woman  
 She was crying.

And now light has come to me.

That is the song the Killers have sung since the first one killed an enemy woman. It says that the light has come and told them how to purify themselves.

We did not go near my father. That would have made us sick. And we could not go near my mother in her shelter of branches. But we used to run behind the house and watch when she came out once or twice a day with the sheet over her head so the sun should not see her.

We saw Leaf Buds working all the time making pots. She was a good potter. That was one reason my father had chosen her husband to take care of him, for many bowls are used while a person is being purified. Leaf Buds made new clay bowls, and in one of them she took pinole to my mother, and her husband took another to my father. Every four days the bowl had to be thrown away because it had too much of the power, and she had to have a new one ready. That was the woman who worked hard! She had to make two great jars, new so that they would keep the water cool, and in them she and her husband had to bathe my mother and father every four days. They poured that water over their heads while they sat still, arms folded. It takes a great deal to wash off that power and make it fit to use.

My grandmother bathed us children. She came with the jar at dawn and I ran away around the house. It was cold. She caught me and made me sit facing the west with my arms folded, just like my father. Then she poured it over my head and said: "Now you'll be early rising and industrious. You'll go early for water and wood." She poured it over my brothers

too, and said to them: "Now you'll be a good runner, a hunter, able to stand cold and hunger. A Killer!" Those are the things that come to us, the families of the powerful. <sup>159x</sup>  
<sup>727</sup>  
<sup>783</sup>

The rest of our family were getting ready for the dance. All the old Enemy Slayers were going to sing for my father to take him back again when the four times four days were over. My grandmother boiled big pots of dried corn and dried squash and succotash, to give those singers food. All my father's sisters and the wives of his brothers made tortillas. The young women of our family brought wood for the dance fire. My father's brothers counted how many cows and horses they could give to the dancers. Our family did not have much because our men were always fighting. They were brave. [252]

At sunset, when the four times four days were over, the people came to the dance place. Then they brought my father and the Enemy Slayers and us, too. They did not take us to the fire. Far away in the cold they dug four little holes and there the Slayers sat, facing east. Behind them there were holes for their wives. They must sit up all night, straight and not move. They had stakes driven into the ground behind them so they could lean back a little when they were too tired. My grandmother sat with us children far away in the dark. <sup>159x</sup>  
<sup>727</sup>  
<sup>733</sup>  
<sup>635</sup>

The people went around the fire singing.

[533]●

Kill the Apache, kill the Apache!  
Dry the skin, dry the skin!  
Soften it, soften it!  
Hang it up, hang it up!  
A-a-a-a-a-h!  
There are still some Apaches left.

I could not hear the songs that night when my father was a Slayer but I know them now, for I learn well. I learn everything that the men sing.

The people stopped going around, and a man came into the middle to dance the warrior's dance. Only a young man can do that dance. He holds the shield and a club, and first he leaps to one side and then to the other as though the enemy's arrows were flying at him. Then he leaps up and lets them pass under him. Behind him, other young men, or maybe women, if they are strong and wild, take bows and arrows and leap as he does. The singers sing for them.

Sitting with my back against the dawn  
I got drunk, my younger brothers.  
I met the white wind and it drove me mad.

[533]

159 Four young men danced. To each, ~~one of my father's brothers came up~~  
 127 and put a piece of manure into his hand. ~~First it was from a cow and then~~  
 123 another cow, and then a horse and ~~another horse. That was what my~~  
 535 family gave to men who leaped in the way ~~before. It made them (my family)~~  
 poor.

Then the old warriors began to sing ~~for the Slayers, because the Flatheads~~  
 had come to the top of the sky and it ~~was midnight. They sang very secret~~  
 songs that had come to them when they ~~themselves were purified. Then~~  
 they lit a long cane cigarette, such as ~~our people used to use, and used~~  
 and blew the smoke over the new Slayers. ~~They spoke to them as relatives,~~  
 taking them back again. "Hail, my ~~younger brother. Hail, my nephew.~~  
 153 Thus I do to you. You will be like me. ~~You will be a great killer. You will~~  
 always find the enemy. You will be ~~longer enduring, cold enduring, threat~~  
 enduring. Thus you will live well." I ~~could not see all this. They made me~~  
 stay in the dark with my grandmother. ~~But my father told me afterward,~~  
 for I am a woman to whom a man can ~~tell solemn words and she will remem-~~  
 ber them well.

159 Then they took my father out in ~~the dark before the morning came~~  
 127 and bathed him again, and they ~~bathed us, too. Then we were purified~~  
 123 and we could have the Apache scalp ~~in our family to work for us like a~~  
 128 relative. All the time that my father ~~was being purified a woman had been~~  
 making a basket, the kind that we ~~use only for scalps and other sacred~~  
 things. My father's guardian had ~~on the Apache hair and made it into~~  
 a little man. He could touch Apache ~~hair because he was a Slayer and it~~  
 would not make him sick.

That little man had a buckskin ~~suit with fringe, like an Apache, and~~  
 a feather in its hair and little moccasins. ~~The guardian brought it to my~~  
 father in the basket. My father was ~~not afraid of that enemy's hair. He~~  
 said to it: "My child." Then he gave ~~it to my mother and she took it to~~  
 her arms and said: "My child." He ~~gave it to my brothers and my sisters~~  
 and me. We held it and said: "My ~~younger brother! From it we in our~~  
 family and it would always help us. ~~My father told it to the basket and all~~  
 around it he put eagle feathers which ~~was sacred. He put in feathers and~~  
 he said: "This is your house, my child." ~~From it we learned that basket is~~  
 deerskins and hung it in the thatch ~~and we had peace.~~

I //

159 My younger brother was going to ~~be a great warrior. We began to train~~  
 127 the time he was very little, because ~~my father was killed and he was~~  
 was dead. Sitting in the house with ~~us, he was like a ghost. We were all~~

122 <sup>122</sup> has a finger joint but they can't light like a fire. Some medicine men dream  
 123 where to find them and they go out in the bare mountains and see them  
 124 flying there, burning in the sun. Then they swallow them and keep them  
 125 safe in their hearts. But some men never have to find them. Their crystals  
 126 grow inside them as a worm can grow. Even if you suck it out, will it grow  
 127 again. These are the men who have great power.

128 <sup>128</sup> Our medicine man had crystals which he had picked up, but he told  
 129 my father that when he swallowed them, they leaped into his mouth out  
 130 of his hand and went down his throat like water. He never took them out  
 131 again because he could see even while they were in his body. While he was  
 132 sitting there in the house he could see things going on outside and inside,  
 133 too. Even if someone was coming far away, he could see. At dawn he said  
 134 to my father: "It's this way. The owls are making you sick."

135 <sup>135</sup> My father gave him a koffer because we always paid the medicine men  
 136 well, and then we had to sing away the owls. When an animal is making  
 137 you sick like that, you sing many songs about him to make him feel better.  
 138 Any kind of songs. Songs that make you laugh and songs that tell where  
 139 he lives and songs that say mean things about him. The animal does not  
 140 care. He likes to be sung about.

People had to be sent for who had dreamed of owls, because that is  
 how all songs come, by dreaming. Owl songs are pretty and even women  
 can dream them. Many owl singers came to our house, and all the neighbors  
 crowded in to listen:

Evening is growing red,  
 Straight above me the color spreads out  
 In all directions.  
 I fly out and look at it  
 Four times.

141 <sup>141</sup> I learned that song. Later on I dreamed of owls, too. When they sang  
 142 I felt very peaceful; I knew things would be all right. The owls brushed  
 143 me off with owl feathers and I went to sleep. At midnight my mother gave  
 144 them a tin of oil and at dawn they went away. In two days  
 145 we were well.

146 <sup>146</sup> I went to bed in the owl house that night. It seemed to me that I was  
 147 always just waking in the owl house and that I was just going to bed.

148 <sup>148</sup> Every night there was singing in the house. We had the owl medicine,  
 149 and the owl house, and the owl house was in the owl house.  
 150 We had the owl house, and the owl house was in the owl house.  
 151 We had the owl house, and the owl house was in the owl house.

know those songs. Many nights I lay on my mat, hearing them each one 154  
 four times, eight times, sixteen times. Some women are thinking only of 155  
 baskets and they do not remember such things. But I remember.

Once I got sick myself. It was from my father's scalps, they said. My 156  
 father had been a Shaper three times by then and in our house there was a 157  
 basket with four Apache dolls. Prisoners, we call them. My father would 158  
 send us all out of the house, and he would take down that basket and talk 159  
 to them: "Now, my children, I am going to give you tobacco. Now, my 160  
 children, here is a little food for you." Then he would give them some of 161  
 the good squash we had just taken from our field.

But somehow he must have angered them, so that they felt they were 162  
 not treated well. Those Prisoners are very wild. They come out of their 163  
 basket like little men and run about the house at night. It happens even 164  
 if you do not make them into dolls as my father's guardian did; even if you 165  
 simply lay the hair in a basket. They come like handsome men and lie 166  
 beside women and make them sick. They pinch you and pull your hair at 167  
 night, or they swing up and down in their basket and whistle. Sometimes 168  
 a man comes home to see a handsome young man coming out of his house. 169  
 He goes in angry to his wife, and she says there has been no one there. It 170  
 was the scalp. Then the owner must give it eagle feathers and speak kindly 171  
 to it. These Prisoners are dangerous.

They did not come like a man to me, but my head ached, I vomited. I 172  
 ached all over. The medicine man sang and smoked all night, and then he 173  
 said: "It's the Prisoners."

The only thing to do was for men who had taken scalps to come and 174  
 sing for me the songs they had dreamed when they were being purified. 175  
 There were four Shapers in our village. They were Spider Hole, Squared 176  
 Tail, Yellow Legs, and one had just a Mexican name, José.

They came in the evening. My sleeping mat was moved up close to the 177  
 fire and they sat around me. Each had four eagle feathers from under the 178  
 tail of an eagle fastened to a little stick. First is one of the most sacred 179  
 things we have, then eagle down feathers, because they bring the rain; 180  
 they brought us the rain. The men who have Prisoners have these feathers 181  
 in their hair & feathers in it.

They took their feathers out of their hair and held them, and then they 182  
 would sing to their eagle feathers. I was in such a queer state; it makes 183  
 me afraid to sleep. But I never sleep now, I'm in a queer state.

These things were spoken; and now this woman that had come to them in 184  
 the medicine state is now better and strong. When he was very old and he 185  
 married me with the eagle's feathers, bringing them with him, then he had

images of the beautiful things that make life good for the Desert People. <sup>150</sup>  
 like clouds and corn and agave and deer. The men sang about these things <sup>151</sup>  
 and my father made songs. When I was about eight years old, my father  
 once made an image of a mountain out of cactus like covered with white  
 cloth. He had dreamed about that mountain and this is the song he made:

There is a white shell mountain in the ocean  
 Rising half out of the water;  
 Green seas flow in the water  
 And the mountain turns around;

The song is very short because we understand so much. We can under-  
 stand how tall and white the mountain was, and that white shell is some-  
 thing precious, such as the handsome men of old used to have for their  
 necklaces, and it would shine all across the earth as they walked. We under-  
 stand that as that mountain turns, it draws the clouds and the birds until  
 they all float around it. All these things my father told me when he used  
 to sing that song in our house. I did not understand, though, when I was  
 a little girl and went to the harvest festival. I was afraid of the singers with  
 their masks. There were clowns with masks, too, white masks with little  
 holes for eyes. The clowns bless people, and one put his hand out to bless  
 me, but I ducked under it and ran. <sup>152</sup>

Only afterward I used to dream of the white clown. Perhaps it was  
 because some day I was going to marry one. It may be, for I have many  
 dreams. I am one who understands things. <sup>153</sup>

When we came home last year there was sickness at Mesquite Root. <sup>154</sup>  
 It was a bad sickness that came to everybody in the whole village, sent <sup>155</sup>  
 by an evil medicine man. We all had it: my father, my mother, all my  
 brothers and sisters. The singers gathered in the big house and sang. You  
 understand now that our way is one everything and to take care of every-  
 thing, to do things.

Then the medicine men took branches of a kind of shrub called Oh,  
 very thorny that catches in, covered with white thorns, and made any thing  
 young out of you and catch you, so that they were everything in the world  
 even in that village, so as my father and mother and I, too. The men  
 then made with their hands branches like every house, gathering in the day.  
 You see these things, I remember, because I was not as old as the others,  
 and with their hands they made, making that in their and making things <sup>156</sup>  
 from branches. But as he put them down things. We have his children  
 do not understand, they took the medicine away and buried it at the mouth  
 of the village.

My little brother saw a great deer in the house after these things had <sup>157</sup>  
 158

*He* *He* *He*. Of course he could not tell us what he was dreaming because that would spoil his power. But I will tell you what he did, long after that, when all knew he could cure. Some men were at our house and they were laughing at him. They said: "You cannot be a medicine man. What can you do?"

My brother stopped down and drew a ring on the ground. Then he picked up some smooth little pebbles that were lying there on the desert. He spit on the stones, *pli* and threw one up into the air. It fell in the circle and it looked as though a hairy quail was hatching out of an egg. We saw its eyes and its tail; it was wobbling and trying to run. He spit on the other stone, *pli* and threw it up. It fell in the circle and there was another quail. The two went fluttering around the circle. Then he took them up one by one, spit on them, and they were stones again.

I could not go into the desert like my brother. I had no time; I had to work. But in those days I used to see things around me that no one else saw. Once a song came to me. I cannot tell you when it came but I think it was when I was very little. You see, I come of a singing family. It is natural for us to see strange things and to make songs. This came when I had been sick once. I was lying still in the house with everybody gone, and I dreamed that Coyote came to me as he must have come to my brother so many times. I saw him lying asleep on the desert, though I was in the house. Then I saw him get up, shake himself a little and look at me. Then he sang:

Very sleepy  
Yonder he slept  
Then getting up  
He sang to me  
*He-he!*  
I away to and fro  
(to and fro)

I used to sing that around the house, but not the words. I just made noise. I know now what my father told me he had seen Coyote. But I saw other things, too. I would see a spider in the corner just in the house, who would not touch me, but really in space. But in the desert, when I saw a hawk going higher than just in front of my foot, it would be as though it was flying in the air.

I was always making things in those days, looking at things. Making things. My mother told me she had seen a hawk. She told me to sing to my mother, but I was always in the house. Then when we went to the desert I was to sing a mother in my house.

mother. My father asked him to sleep over and to see what was the matter. 159<sup>x</sup>  
 He was all night, and in the morning he said: "You could be a medicine 787  
 woman!" "That cannot be," said my father. "We have one medicine man  
 in the house and he is enough." So the medicine man said he would take out  
 my crystals. He leaned over me and pushed them out of my breast, one by  
 one. They were as long as the joint of my little finger, white and moving a  
 little. He said: "Look, I have taken them out before they get big." Then  
 he made a hole in a giant cactus and put them inside. Then he looked at  
 me and said: "They will grow again, for it is a gift."

## IV

In the summer everyone came home to our village and we planted corn. <sup>159</sup>  
The corn was once a man and he lured a woman away to sleep with him. <sup>243</sup>  
She stayed a long time, and when she came home, she knew the corn  
made the corn grow. So when the men all went to their meeting,  
did not go but he stayed at home hearing his wife sing. The men  
meeting came to speak to him. "Why are you absent?" "Because  
tuning to my wife." "How can it be that a man can learn more  
from a woman than from talking with us? Let us hear her, too."

So she came to the men's meeting and she sat between the chief and her husband, "Ting." And she sang the corn songs.

At the first song these men began to sing. At the second, they danced. At the third, the women came out of the houses, creeping to the council house to listen to the singing. At the fourth, they were all dancing, inside the council house and outside, to that woman's singing.

The many leaves were all so soft the earth felt the earth, and it was the  
 and ready  
 the field  
 into the  
 in four  
 ver them.  
 ad leaves.

I saw him towards evening by the wind  
from a distance under the sky

[533]

Edy's father used to sing that at night while the rain was pouring

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| relatives  | 361 |
| and; round | 342 |
| ing corn   |     |

<sup>x</sup><sub>159</sub> and down by the wash there were men bending over the fields where the  
<sub>248</sub> corn and beans and squash were growing.

● [533]

In the furrow  
 At the corner  
 The corn is growing green  
 Growing green.

I used to hear those songs coming from the houses, because we were so happy in summer time. We had rain. Every morning the sky was bright and every afternoon the little white cloud stood over the mountains to the east. Everywhere by the washes you saw the centipedes that are a sign of  
 [825] rain. We call them a blessing, those centipedes. There were so many that  
 [823] you could shake your head and, pff! one would fall out of your hair. Now there are no more. That fine weather is gone.

<sup>x</sup><sub>159</sub> We women did not have to fetch water. We could sit in the house and  
<sub>519</sub> make baskets. Or else we could go off over the land to pick the fine fresh  
<sub>721</sub> green things. At sunset all the village was full of laughing people, eating around their home fires.

Then we heard the crier call: "Come hither! Bring your cigarettes. We will smoke and talk of what we shall do!"

That call was for the men, not for the women. They got up from the fires and we saw them passing in the starlight against the gray desert that looks almost white on summer nights. I know what my father used to say to them in that meeting, for he has often told me how they spoke after the cigarette went round.

"Well! will you be ready? Take care, for often I have warned you. You must make arrows and your bow you must have in readiness, for when the enemy will arrive, you do not know. At night he may come; at night or in the morning or when the sun stands anywhere in the sky. Then you will arise, your bow you will snatch and therewith will fight the enemy."

"Close by you must keep your bow, your quiver, your hardwood arrows, and your reed arrows with the stone tip. Early in the morning must you have your food that you may be able to fight the enemy. Your girls very early must cook and must give food to the youths that they may be strong to fight no matter where the sun stands in the sky. Your girls shall pour water and shall search for wood and shall cook food. Early in the morning your girls shall run that when the enemy shall come, they can run swiftly and can save their lives.

"This I feel and this I say. Listen and my words shall enter your ears and enter your heads."

x<sup>159</sup>  
881 or the Leg will drag you out. He's mean."  
535

I did not want to dance; I was sleepy and I had run so far. Always when I had heard the others singing those maiden songs, from far away, I had been wild to go. But now it was my turn and all I wanted to do was sleep. But Luis, the Leg, came into the house and took me by the arm. He always danced next to the maiden, with his arm over her shoulders and the rattle in his other hand. He and I were at one end of a long line of people and his wife at the end of a line opposite. There was first a boy and then a girl, all down the line, with their arms over each other's shoulder and the blankets held along at the back. I told you the boys always liked that dance.

The lines went to and fro, toward each other, and they kept wheeling a little, till at last they had made a circle.

On top of Baboquiviri Peak

There is a fire burning.

So near I came.

I saw it blow all over the ground

Shining.

On the flat land

There is a house of clouds.

There stand white butterfly wings (of clouds).

It pleased me. That was what I saw.

Those were the songs they sang, with the rattle going in the night. We had no fire; we kept warm dancing. After every four songs Luis stopped, because his voice was hoarse. Then he let me go, and we girls went and sat together while the men smoked. How dark and cold it was then, with only one ember to light their cigarettes!

There were girls who did not come to sit with us and boys who did not sit with the men. How dark it was! Some mothers went looking for their girls in the night and some did not.

[32] At midnight my mother brought jars of succotash. She had been cooking all day for this dance, and every day after that she cooked and ground corn and baked bread in the ashes. Every morning we gave gifts to Luis and his wife. My cut-off hair and dried beans and cooked food and the hand woven cotton that I wore for a dress. And to the girl friends who danced beside me, I gave my beads and my baskets because these people had suffered and endured sleeplessness with us.

x<sup>159</sup>  
881 We stopped dancing in the dark of the morning and then my mother

<sup>159</sup><sub>484</sub> and my husband said to me: "We will go." That is what he always said. I hoped I would get a man who would take me to the dances and I did. Always we went and always together.

<sup>159</sup><sub>541</sub> Half the people from our village went, and the people from the Burnt Seeds and the Willows and the Narrow Place. We filled the road, going along on our horses. Two nights we camped and every night we sang. When we go to race another village, it is not just a race. We sing and dance for our rivals and we come with beautiful new songs to please them. Sometimes my father made those songs, but this time it was a man named Fish Mouth. His songs were about the corn, and our men had made corn ears of cactus ribs with green yucca blades for the corn leaves and a green painted stalk. Ten boys and ten girls were going to carry them in the dance, and I was one.

[200] We play a game with the village we are going to challenge. We send a man in on a horse, with his face painted black. He rides in to look at their dance place; then he stands up in his stirrups and calls out that we are coming. They all throw squash stems at him, the little hard stems with a circle at the bottom that cuts like a knife. So he bends close over his horse and gallops out of the village.

<sup>159</sup><sub>541</sub>  
<sup>533 Then we come in. I cannot tell you all the running and the basket drumming and the old, old songs that are always sung between us before we race. My father made a speech to them and they to us. Then we dancers came in, two and two, boy and girl, holding high the white corn. The singers thumped on their baskets for us and all those River People crowded to listen. I cannot sing you the songs that Fish Mouth made, I must sing my father's. Beautiful, gay songs, my father always made.</sup>

From the ocean far away  
Circling round our singing place  
Maidens came,  
Hither came  
To circle round our singing place.

[422] My father had dreamed that song when he went far away to the western ocean to get salt from the dry beds there. The ocean is a magic place and only brave men dare go near it. But it gave my father beautiful songs.

A boy had a feather belt  
The girls on either side  
Kept pulling and loosened it  
And when the dance stopped  
He had to tighten it again.

You see, that song makes you laugh. It does not say everything. They<sup>159</sup> liked it, those River People. Their women came out to us with baskets of<sup>533</sup> food on their heads, tortillas, squash, and succotash. They fed us all for<sup>541</sup> our beautiful singing.

Then we collected the stakes that we bet on the race. Yes, I tell you,<sup>159</sup> we bet everything. Men took off their deerskin shirts, women piled up<sup>541</sup> their baskets. The River People made piles just like ours, shirt for shirt<sup>525</sup> and basket for basket. Out beyond the village the horses were tethered two and two.

Out came the runners in white loin cloths, with beautiful red designs on their backs so we should know them. Asking for Cactus Seed ran that day, and Running Wind and Short Wings. Short Wings was the best and our side won. My father won a blanket and a shawl.

Then all night we sang for the River People. We sent a man to find out their names and then our men made songs with those names in them. Beautiful, funny songs we sang to those people all night long and never a mistake in the names. Next day they paid us for our singing. Piles of wheat and corn they brought out to the dance place and then they called our names. But funny names they called, because this time was gay. When they asked us, we only told them funny names.

One of our singers was so fat we called him Seven-Yard-Shirt. So a River woman put a pile of wheat on the ground and she called out: "Seven-Yard-Shirt will get his pay here." He ran to get it and she threw squash stems at him, but he took it and ran away. Oh, we were loaded with wheat and cotton when we went riding home from the River Country. And dried beans and corn and extra horses that our young men led along!

After that, whenever we went to sing and to race and to dance, I went, too. Yes, that is how it was when I was a married woman.

## VII

We were careful when the first baby was coming. Our men were not<sup>159</sup> going to war any more then, so I did not have to keep my husband home.<sup>743</sup> That had always worried my mother, for if a man kills an enemy at such a time, his child will die a violent death. But probably the man will not kill an enemy, he will be killed himself, he is so weak from his wife's weakness. But my husband did not kill any rabbits so that the baby should not have a choking sickness, and he kept away from rattlesnakes so it should not have convulsions. I was kind to the people in our village who looked sick or ugly, and I never laughed at them, so that my baby should have a good body.

x  
159  
28  
789  
Then I took my baby and I went running with the other women down to the dance place. There was a little fire, and the eagle feathers strung up against the stars, and the liquor brewing, bubbling, where it was warm inside the council house.

In a great circle the men went round the fire, singing in the night to make the liquor brew. My husband walked at the head with his rattle. When we women came out of the dark to part the hands of the men and take our places between them, I stood beside my husband. There was where the best singers walked, boy and girl, boy and girl; those-who-stand-at-the-head.

● [533]

Within the Quijotoa Mountain  
There is a trembling  
The ocean water there within  
Is shaking.

It makes me want to cry, that song which brings the good rain.

I left my baby lying on a blanket, and the other women watched it. Between songs, when the men lit their cigarettes in the magic fire and smoked in the dark, I sat down to nurse the child. Once I fell asleep. My father-in-law was one of the medicine men standing in the center of the ring, turning his eagle feathers this way and that to catch the wind that was bringing rain, because it was dry yet, no rain had fallen. My father-in-law shook his eagle feather over me and drops of rain fell in my ear. Then I woke and sang again.

[791]

The medicine men made magic all night long, while we sang. They used to go to the string of eagles' feathers hanging outside the council house and shake them. If it was to rain soon, drops of rain would come whirling off those feathers. One man made a little pile of dirt and put a bit of eagle down on top of it. Eagle down is like the clouds; it calls them. Soon water came from the dry sky and wet that eagle down, so that the pile of earth was damp. Then he took up that eagle down and sprinkled all us dancers with it.

At the end of the second night's dancing, the medicine men told us when it would rain. We did not want it the next day, because that was when we drank our liquor. But after, when we were awake again and ready to plant our fields. And that was when it would come. We counted the days. On the night before rain should come, there was lightning in the south. On the next day, came the dust storm, bearing the rain on its back. And then the rain! But that was in the old days. Now the world is too old.

When the two night's singing was over, our liquor that was in the coun-

157 and if he would sing any songs like those I had heard from my father. Then, once, Coyote came to me, too.

I was at Mesquite Root, gathering giant cactus with my family. I always went there in the Cactus month because Mesquite Root was in the hills, near the cactus groves, and Where the Water Whirls Around was down in the hot plain. Once I had picked my basket full of cactus fruit and I was resting. I looked down by my bare toe and there lay a crystal.

I have told you how medicine men find these crystals by magic, after a dream. Those shining stones have power and they can make rain. No one finds them by chance. So when I saw that, I was afraid. It was a big crystal, thick as my finger and as long as two joints of it. I took it home, but I had no use for a crystal then; my heart was cool. I gave it to my brother who was now a medicine man, and he whirled it around and tried to make rain. But he could not: the stone was not for him.

So I took it home. But I could not keep it, I, a woman, who was not meeting any spirit. I was afraid of it, and I gave it to my young brother-in-law. He is an old medicine man now, at Where the Water Whirls Around, and he has it yet.

But that night Coyote came to me. He did not speak. He looked at me a minute and then he turned away. As he went, he sang:

• [53]

A frog medicine man  
With spotted back  
Lies somewhere on the ground  
Looking for rain.  
Where, where is the rain?

159 Sick people came often to my husband and his brothers because they  
156 were all medicine men, and their father, too. We women, if we had wanted to, could have learned many lovely magic songs and could have looked in their medicine bags and seen the crystals and the feathers and other powerful things. Of course we did not, for those things can make you sick. We knew where the gourds were kept in the thatch of the roof and the long eagle feathers with them, but we never even looked that way. We thought [54] we might begin to menstruate and take away their power.

159 But sometimes when babies were brought to my husband I could not  
226 help looking on, because I had had babies myself, and they had died. There is one thing that happens to babies that is very dangerous. They have a soft spot on the top of their heads. It is there when they are born and then it closes up. But sometimes it does not close. One who is wise will put a finger in the baby's mouth, far back and will push up. That pushes up the

whole head and closes that soft spot which really comes because the head<sup>159x</sup>  
has fallen in. 826

My husband knew this and I have heard him tell mothers about it. But the mothers could not do the pushing. It must be a person with power.

I do not think it was crystals, for I was too old to have them grow<sup>159x</sup>  
within me any longer. Yet once, when I was at cactus camp, I was sick. 789  
We did not have a medicine man; my husband and his brothers were far  
away. I lay there, and my head spun round, and I was hot and cold. Then,  
out of the desert, a furry, gray coyote came trotting to me. He blew on  
me as the medicine man blows and I felt cool. I began to sing:

[533] ●

Coyote, my comrade  
Hither ran.  
To the end of his tail  
A cloud was tied.

I felt that cool beautiful cloud, and I saw how funny Coyote looked, waving  
it over me and running away. I got well.

Then one day, when my daughter was twelve years old, my husband  
took another wife.

## IX

One day I went with my little girl to buy meat at a neighbor's house<sup>159x</sup>  
where they had just butchered. I came back and, under our arbor, there<sup>596</sup>  
sat a girl. The relative that lived next door to us called over and said:  
"My elder sister, your husband's married."

Most men did not take two wives with us then, but the medicine men<sup>[756]</sup>  
always did. In fact, they took four. But I had never thought my husband  
would do it. You see, we married so young, even before I had really become  
a maiden. It was as if we had been children in the same house. I had grown  
fond of him. We starved so much together.

The other woman spoke to me. "I see you're his wife. You had better  
take care of him. It's not my fault." I knew that. I knew they brought her  
over to our house just the way my mother brought me. Perhaps she did  
not know he had a wife till I came back from buying meat. I said: "I know  
it isn't your fault. But I am going home."

I piled my clothes in a basket, and I put in a large butcher knife. I  
thought if he followed, I would kill him. Then I took my little girl and went  
away. It was late evening. I went to the house of a relative and asked to  
stay the night, and early before morning stands up, I got up to walk to  
Mesquite Root, across the valley. Before I started, my husband came. He

## DIVERSE CREEDS

## PAPAGO MUSIC

An important part of every Papago rite is song. The wine ceremony has its 533 songs; so have the circle dances, the old village games, the *wi'ikits* at Gu Achi. There are songs for curing diseases attributed to various animals. Other songs are sung by drunken men. Still others are used as lullabies. At all times the Papago love to sing—when they ride or work at home or in the fields, before they go to sleep, even when they waken in the night. Many of the songs came to the original singer in a dream, and most of them have a magic quality, whereby the singing will bring about some desired effect:

The songs express many different moods; they are humorous, wistful, daring, sad. They are full of metaphor, and the singer delights in obscure references. They are brief, understated, repetitious, but even when translated they carry a beauty that places them in the realm of true poetry. The music has distinctive rhythm and configuration.<sup>6</sup>

His songs mean much more to the Papago than poetry means to the average American. The songs are an integral and treasured part of the culture, and singers are respected persons. Perhaps with the new ways of life the songs will die out slowly; some people sing few of the old songs, and many of the ceremonies of which they were a part have gone.

The Papago love of music is also shown in the gusto with which they play and dance to modern Mexican and American songs at the fiestas. The youngsters delight in singing at school and spend their precious nickels in juke boxes in the trading posts. Even the Presbyterians, to whom the old songs are more or less forbidden, express their love of music in the singing of hymns. As often as possible the choir of one church will be invited to sing at another. For the Papago, singing is essential to living.

## SONORA CATHOLICISM

In perhaps the majority of Papago villages there is a little adobe building 795 with a rickety wooden cross over the door—the Sonora Catholic church. Sonora Catholicism antedates other Christian faiths on the Reservation today, for the belief and practice of Sonora Catholics are remnants of the teachings of the early Spanish missionaries, acquired either directly from the padres, or through other Indians or Mexicans. During the generations when no Catholic clergy came to Papagueria and the nearest priests were far away in Mexico, the faithful carried on as best they could the ceremonies and devotions of the church.

6. For quotations of many Papago songs see Ruth Underhill, *Singing for Power*. Chesky (op. cit.) gives some translations and records Papago music.

## THE DESERT PEOPLE

527 being feted, it is carried at the head of the procession by a man or on a white  
796 palanquin by a group of young girls. Children carry the smaller family *santos*,  
over which other children hold large wooden arches wrapped in white cloth  
caught at intervals with red ribbons or sprays of paper flowers. Still other boys  
and girls carry lighted candles. Behind them march the men and women who  
lead the hymns, and the crowd follows. The orchestra walks beside the main  
procession, playing modern dance music, while the crowd sings Spanish  
hymns, unmindful of the orchestra. At intervals the singing stops, prayers are  
said in Spanish, but the dance music continues. After marching around the  
dance ground and the church, the procession enters the church for hymns and  
prayers.

When the short service is concluded, the religious phase of the fiesta is at an  
end, and all except a few pious old ladies or mothers with tiny babies leave  
the church for the dance ground. The women sit on the benches or tend to the  
cooking, and the men collect in groups. Large fires are lit, and lanterns are  
hung on the posts.

527 The orchestra, composed of violins, guitars, and snare and bass drums, plays  
533 two or three tunes, then the leader and the village chief make short speeches  
of welcome, in which the celebrants are bidden to enjoy the fiesta but to  
avoid drunkenness and to respect the property of others.

527 The children ordinarily start the dance; young girls, dancing together, are  
533 next on the floor; finally, young men and even old people join in. Some fairly  
535 recent jazz tunes are played, such as "Roll Out the Barrel" and "You Are My  
Sunshine," but most of the music consists of polkas and schottisches. Although  
some of the boarding-school Indians know the correct steps for these dances,  
almost everyone dances a sort of adapted foxtrot, the man usually grasping  
his partner tightly around the neck. Sometimes automobile lights are turned  
on the dancers with their gay rayon dresses and bright shirts. The crowd  
dances in a counterclockwise circle, and the schoolboy who tries to vary this  
pattern is sharply rebuked by the dancers he impedes.

527 At most fiestas a solo dancer (*pahkowi*) appears late in the evening. He is  
535 usually an elderly medicine man who dances and makes jokes for the amuse-  
ment of the crowd. Barefoot, with his trousers rolled up, he wears strings of  
cocoon rattles wrapped around his legs from ankle to knee. To the music of  
one violin and a guitar or harp, the *pahkowi* performs his dance with arms  
hanging loosely from the shoulders and his body slightly bent forward; he  
stamps with one foot and scrapes the other into position on the unaccented  
beat of the music. His jokes, directed at the men in the audience, are frequently

## THE DESERT PEOPLE

883 The adolescent boy is always casual and friendly with the women of the household. When the men are at home, they join the women working under the ramada, and everyone participates in the chatter and joking that ensues. Though most of the time the youth is away from his female relatives, he often stops at the house cluster for a few minutes during the day, bringing the women news of their men and any local gossip he has picked up. He occasionally lifts a heavy article for them or is helpful in some other way but is no longer expected to make himself generally useful around the house.

Outside the household the teen-age boy's most intimate associates are lads of his own age, but he is not limited to boys of his own village, for in herding or at the intervillage roundups he always meets and works with youths from other communities. It is not difficult to maintain these friendships, as a boy can usually catch a ride to another village or go on his own horse.

883 Many Papago boys of this age learn to play musical instruments, usually the violin or guitar. They play entirely by ear, learning the Mexican and American dance tunes from phonograph records. Two or three lads may spend many hours practicing together; the others always enjoy listening. Rarely does a boy under eighteen become proficient enough to play in the orchestra at a fiesta, except as a drummer, but, if he is an unusually good musician, he may replace a violinist or guitarist while the older man rests or eats.

883 Fiestas are great occasions for adolescent boys. They help to clean and 527 decorate the dance ground and feast house. They keep the fires going and 292 spread hot coals near the women's benches. For the celebration they dress in colorful cowboy clothes: freshly polished high-heeled boots, wide-brimmed hats, new jeans, bright silk shirts, and often leather belts or wristguards studded with colored glass.

882 The boys take no part in the religious phase of the fiesta, nor do they enter 527 the church for rest as the girls of their age do. As they are too young to asso- 273 ciate freely with men, but yet feel themselves much too grown up to stay with the women or play with small boys, the lads usually stand about the big fires and sometimes loiter around the parked cars where the bootleggers do business. It is not uncommon for boys as young as sixteen to have whiskey at a fiesta, but ordinarily they do much less drinking than the men. Some of the boys cannot afford expensive bootleg whiskey, and others are still under the influence of their mothers and grandmothers, who dread heavy drinking. At any rate, few teen-age boys are involved in drunken fighting. Boys smoke [276] openly and without fear of reprimand as soon as they have money for cigarettes.

883 The boys do not dance so constantly as the girls of their age, for they never

(134)

[Text continues on p 156-Analyst]

## THE DESERT PEOPLE

155 life and child-training. Apparently it operates as an almost automatic control  
157 in occasions of stress and conflict. In this sort of withdrawal which usually  
appears to be an intermittent reaction, not a definite introversion, the Papago  
child temporarily stops functioning as a social being and—quite legitimately  
according to his culture—isolates his personal drives of disturbing strength or  
direction in his imaginings.

Together with this reaction goes a tendency to evade commitments when-  
ever possible. If pressed for decision, the children try to withdraw into them-  
selves or appease the demanding agent with what they think is the minimum  
that may satisfy him and that may be conceded without exposing themselves.  
This trend, as we have noted, corresponds to an important function in Papago  
culture.

The most interesting result obtained with the Rorschach test is with regard  
to Papago children's mental approach, which is characterized by a strong  
drive to impose subjective interpretation upon reality and to avoid categoriz-  
ing. We have already seen that the basis of this quality probably lies in the  
fusion of magical thought and reality in Papago culture, and we may assume  
that it is closely interrelated with the tendency to yield to imagining, as well  
as with the particular nature of the things imagined.

The influence which such findings may have upon the evaluation of the re-  
sults of the Grace Arthur intelligence test is perhaps worth some considera-  
tion. According to the Rorschach test, aside from the tendency to avoid cate-  
gorizing, Papago children seem to be capable of forming clear, objective con-  
cepts; but, especially when facing new and disquieting problems, this capacity  
and their fair faculty of differentiation, and of more complex organization of  
thoughts, are at times entirely obscured. Since the Arthur test scores these  
latter qualities for the most part, it is possible that this factor may have low-  
ered the average I.Q. of western Papago children, who are more dominated  
by their native culture than the eastern children.

This also explains the low average level of creativity in Papago children ac-  
cording to the Rorschach test. They use imagination for personal control and  
satisfaction rather than objectifying it. Papago express themselves artistically  
in singing—the most subjective of all arts, in which the singer projects his  
feelings more into the rhythm or melody than into clearly formed thoughts—  
and by basketry the beauty of which is mainly achieved with a strong color  
contrast of black and white and much less often by a balanced or subtle design.  
Papago children's originality, as it appears in the Rorschach test, lies chiefly in  
the strange and quite often unreal quality of their thought content and is  
usually not accompanied by highly differentiated perception.

6: Densmore  
533 ●

NU28 Papago NU28

[For information about Papago songs themselves, including musical notation, lyrics with or without translation into English, and the author's analyses, see category 116, pp. 5-14, 18-34, 37, 39, 43-45, 48, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57-60, 63-66, 68-71, 73-80, 82, 86-137, 139-143, 145-148, 150-152, 154-157, 159-169, 171-184, 186-244. Information relevant to the songs but primarily concerning the legends, occasions, or ceremonies with which they are associated has been assigned to other categories. --Analyst]

796 material, considered by the Indians as its blanket, which, when the basket is in use, is placed on the ground for it to "sit" on.

Around these holy men and the fire and the long string of plumes that stretched across, danced men and women, holding each other by the hand and moving around in a circle. They marched in time, with firm steps, placing left foot behind right, and proceeding in this way against the sun's apparent movement. They all sang in unison and in time with their steps, the leader swinging [534] a rattle, and he and those nearest to him exerting their lungs to their fullest capacity. There were always two or three walking ahead of him, as everybody was eager to be near the leader in order to catch the tune. In this [533] advance guard there was also a female leader, a soprano. What a wealth of songs there is among these Indians! During the two nights new songs were presented all the time, not only new texts but even new, though somewhat similar, melodies. People were sitting or lying around the circle of dancers, stepping into it whenever their fancy moved them.

When four songs had been sung, taking about an [536] hour, a short pause was made, and the performers would sit down, many of them smoking. After a few minutes, only the leader would rise, and, standing in front of the jacal with his face toward the east, he would sing one verse of the song they were going to take up next, this time in a low voice, just to refresh their memories. Then he would step forward, dancing again and bursting forth into loud singing, immediately joined by the multitude in

70

## NEW TRAILS IN MEXICO

After a while she<sup>1</sup> appeared at a

482 distance with a big tin bucket on her head, but how much  
 512 more beautiful my small Rebecca would have looked  
 carrying an earthen-ware jar of native workmanship.  
 There are lots of pottery vessels still manufactured by  
 the Papagoes, but the white man's implements are rec-  
 ognized to be more practical. I suppose the change is  
 unavoidable, but the bucket was distinctly disappoint-  
 ing to my photographic sense. Before she approached  
 my vantage point, an Indian met her who evidently asked  
 for a drink, for he lifted the heavy bucket down, drank,  
 and put it on her head again. When I gave her some  
 candy after the short and unexpected ordeal, she looked  
 frightened. She stepped along quickly, showing some-  
 what that she felt the weight that she had been carrying  
 for fifteen minutes. This was six o'clock in the morn-  
 ing and, on rising, she had first helped her mother milk  
 the cows.

Half an hour afterward she again passed my camp;  
 this time she was bound for the sahuaro fields along the  
 base of the mountains. The girl of thirteen years walked  
 fast, carrying over one shoulder the long stick with  
 which the fruit is brought down. Two hours later she  
 returned with a small bucket full of the juicy fruit, on  
 which a newly arrived guest and the rest of the family  
 gorged themselves, while she sat near by resting. She  
 did not look tired, however, and I saw her later helping  
 [177] her mother make wheat biscuits, baking them in an oven  
 adopted from the Mexicans.

124 It was a great pleasure to be with these natural people.

● 533 I sang to them my newly acquired Papago song, "The  
 774 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> [see, Marimata, a young Papago girl, -Analyst]

## REMARKABLE HABIT OF A LIZARD

Frog Doctor," one that is used at the ~~annual~~ festival, and ingratiated myself in their favor. The mother, always busy in doing something about the house, was engagingly free and easy in her manner. I ventured to ask if I might not photograph her; she looked disturbed, but after a while consented if I would promise not to show her picture in Tucson. She had the burden basket on her head, appropriately enough for a woman of energy and activity, but her whole being had suddenly changed, and it was impossible to make her walk and look natural. Her face was flushed, she looked embarrassed, and made a poor picture.

In spite of presents to the children, they all steadfastly declined to be photographed. However, sitting down to catalogue my lately acquired ethnological objects in the shade of a jacal, I found opportunities for snapshots while pretending to write. When Pablo took the horses and my dog to the well, I hugely enjoyed a rub down from my wash basin, as well as a change of clothing, and soon we were off again on the road.

At this rancheria I had a curious experience in the morning with a horned lizard (*phrynosoma*), rather dark in color, which my terrier pursued for eight or ten yards, when it flattened itself out and refused to run any more. The dog was watching for it to move and I stepped up. When put on its back it would immediately turn over; stooping down, I tried in vain to tease it to run again, but it remained immobile. I was just about to rise and leave when, to my great surprise, a spray of what appeared to be blood was dashed on my right hand, which was

THE SINGER

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The hand should be cut from the skin of a black<sup>796</sup>  
dog, which is killed for the purpose in the practising<sup>531</sup>  
enclosure;

The singer has the upper body nude, his trousers<sup>796</sup>  
being turned up as high as possible and his feet bare. <sup>533</sup> ●  
He wears no head-dress, but attempts to appear neatly <sup>581</sup>  
attired, tying around the loins a colored bandanna or  
perhaps a shawl borrowed from his wife. Around the  
waist, the neck, and the upper part of the arm bright-  
colored strips of cloth are tied. His body is smeared  
with red ochre on which are spots of white, symbolizing  
grains of corn.

An important part of the singer's outfit is the bull-<sup>796</sup>  
roarer, consisting of two flat pieces made of sahuaro <sup>534</sup>  
rib, the smaller one being held by the hand when in  
use. The connecting string should be twine of native  
cotton, which still may be found in use. They are  
decorated with symbolic designs, such as those stand-  
ing for lightning, clouds, turtles, grains of corn, express-  
ing their desire for rain. The buzzing sound produced  
should be deep, in imitation of the thunder, which  
brings rain; if the sound is shrill, lightning only will  
follow.

The bull-roarer is swung for the purpose of calling <sup>[202]</sup>  
people together and as a sign that the meeting is over,  
both at the preliminary exercises in the practising en-  
closure as well as at the feast itself. These buzzing im-  
plements not only open and conclude the proceedings,  
but they are used on the way from the practising house  
to the feast early in the morning, also when the cloud

## NEW TRAILS IN MEXICO

796 The *grubade* are carried about, and on similar occasions,  
594 When not in use, the implement is tucked under the belt at the back. After the festival it is put away not to be used until the next feast takes place.

796 The singers are made up of the following four groups:

583 1. The people of Santa Rosa rancheria. Sikukimat, Albitak, and Kvitak join with them.

2. The people of Kvivo rancheria. The San Xavier inhabitants join with these.

3. The people of Anekam rancheria.

4. The people of Aktjin rancheria.

These four groups have different masks and at the head-quarters of each is a practising enclosure.

796 This great harvest festival lasts from morning till sunset. Ten days before the principal men begin the preparations, fasting at the same time and drinking water but once a day. Sometimes as many as fifty rancherias take part. Much noise is made in the evening before the feast is begun. Each group of rancherias sings different songs, in its turn, and every fourth year new songs are produced. At the Quinovae meeting the same songs are used year after year. The singers also dance with ceremonial objects in their hands, their songs being suited to the emblems carried.

796 Mr. Brownell, store-keeper and mine-owner at Brownell, in the Quijoma Range, was present at the last festival given, which was in December, 1908. Though unable to give me any descriptive detail, he assured me that it was an unusual performance in its magnitude and barbarous display of costume, paint, and ceremonials. A



# THE GODS HAVE HAD THEIR SHARE 173

follow the words at that distance. In their enthusiasm 796  
they seemed to be trying to bring the rain from the gods, 598  
and above them all could be heard that wonderful ac-  
cords. Every time a new stanza came around, they  
intoned as is their custom the first words with all the  
power of their lungs, giving the singing a triumphant  
expression.

During the two nights of singing and ceremonies, 796  
the wine was getting ready for consumption on the 273  
third day, at which time people gathered outside the  
lodge to the number of some five hundred, including  
many who had not taken part in the exercises. Many  
came to drink wine at the houses of their friends and  
relatives, and had been invited from such distant places  
as Florence on the Gila River and San Pedro in Sonora,  
everybody first having been present at the distributing of  
the wine at the lodge.

Young boys on horseback had been in evidence in  
the morning, racing joyously with each other and rais- 626  
ing dust wherever they went. Some of them were pre-  
maturely under the influence of liquor, the result of the  
inroads of civilization. It is characteristic of the primi-  
tive Indian to be strict and formal in his religious ob-  
servances, but after the festival, when the gods have had  
their share, he, too, wants a good time and takes it. The  
rising generation, breaking away from their native cus-  
toms, make no such fine distinction.

People came on horseback or in wagons, some of 796  
them in light carriages; one well-to-do Indian from 484  
the northern part of Baboquivari arrived in quite a

347 handful of pinch, whereupon the salt is spread out to  
 198, 197. The party next moves down to the sea, going into  
 it up to their knees, each man carries cornmeal in his  
 left hand and, watching for the waves, throws one pinch  
 of it, caught with all fingers, on each of four successive  
 waves. He bends forward when a high one comes lest it  
 might throw him on his back, which is a bad thing as it  
 would make him ill. They do not indulge in any sea  
 [23] bathing, for the ocean is too clean to allow them to soil  
 it, they reverently say.

Toward sunset the salt is gathered in sacks, about  
 one hundred pounds in each, two of these making a  
 [77] load. Great care is taken that no salt be spilled on the  
 road as this would bring about some misfortune. Every  
 one takes back with him a piece of silicious sponge which  
 is found on the beach and which is kept carefully from  
 [55] year to year. This is considered a good remedy for ex-  
 ternal use. But the leader may take a bite of it, chew  
 it, fill his mouth with water, and spray this through his  
 lips on the men. Members of a salt expedition learn new  
 ● [523] songs on the trip and they say they dream them while  
 [54] asleep. Among the gifts of the sea may be a beautiful  
 wife, luck in hunting, or swiftness in foot-races. After  
 their return they must stay away from their houses  
 from ten to sixteen days. A good deal of their time  
 is spent in singing to the accompaniment of rasping  
 sticks, and after having taken a bath every fourth day  
 317 the man is able to join his wife again. According to ac-  
 439 counts of fifty years ago\* the Papagoes supplied Tucson

\*See California Notes, Fourth Series, in California Farmer, 1863.

## 349

self to the girl's house and stays there four nights. Her mother then takes her to the bridegroom's home and leaves her there. No services of the medicine-man are necessary; if they mutually agree to live as husband and

USED WHEN THE YOUNG GIRLS COME OF AGE

Oí - no - pá - ne      No - no - váng - a  
Name of a mountain, usually called Oinopat,      mountains  
near Tempe, Arizona.      (poetical designation; in prose: taúk)

Hón - yo - lá - mo      kúk - i - va      kon - ge - tá - mo  
(in prose: hódyoh)      stands      (in prose: kógetam)  
alone      end

ká - vo - li - ki      tām - háing - s      of - vi      Shas - i  
hill      (in prose: tamhaing)      woman  
top

nju - ke - nam      kái - nju - na      hi - mó      kvi - mó  
(in prose: njuketam)      (in prose: kahtah)      (no expressible meaning)  
talk for sing      (seema)

This song may still be heard among the Papago, e. g., at Ánekam rancharia in Santa Rosa valley, but it originated from the Pima.

wife, they remain in the house of the young man's father until the latter's death. The son may make a house for himself near by, but he helps his father in his work. If the girl does not like the boy, she may walk back to her parents. Conferences between the fathers will then ensue to try to adjust matters and, until recently, sometimes the

| VÍKITA CEREMONY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 169 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <p>796 <i>In the singer's</i><br/>534 booth sat four men, facing east, having in front of them large, bowl-shaped, coiled baskets, inverted. On the bottoms of the baskets rested the ends of a notched stick made of creosote wood, the other end being held in the left hand of the singer. In the right hand of each singer was held the half of a lower jaw of a peccary, a deer's shoulder-blade, and the shin-bones of a deer with the hoofs on. With these bones the singers rubbed the notched sticks up and down, producing thereby a hollow sound to the rhythm of the singing.</p> <p>796 Immediately behind the singers sat an<br/>778 old Indian woman, her head wrapped in a<br/>533 red bandana, as the guardian of the basket containing the heart. The basket was 4½ ft. long, 1½ ft. wide, and 1 ft. deep, and was placed on a low platform behind her, and level with her shoulders. The series of songs or cantos dealt with the sun, moon, stars, the earth, creation, and the culture-hero "Montezuma." As the singers chant, the older Indians think they can hear a woman's voice, and say, "The heart is calling for its mate." The three priests from</p> |     |
| AND MONOGRAPHS                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 4   |

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 VIKITA CEREMONY OF THE PAPAGO (CONT.)
 

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796 from the blue to the top of the mask, probably painted with ochre, which  
 292 bore white figures in dots or short lines, and the lower zone in white,  
 531 probably clay, which extended to the bottom of the mask and bore designs  
 in red, which varied with each mask. All these red patterns resembled  
 the typical Papago black-on-red pottery designs, consisting of scrolls,  
 hachuring, diagonal lines, diamonds, etc.

796 The two choristers who did not wear gourd masks were small boys,  
 292 who wore instead sack-like coverings of canvas which fitted down over  
 their shoulders. These were not fringed. On the crowns was a clump  
 of mustard yellow material, possibly dyed cornhusks, about two inches  
 in diameter and an inch high. The masks had eyeholes, round ears of  
 some thick material, possibly rawhide, about two inches long semi-  
 circular and concave, and plugs or round wooden sticks, each about  
 three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three inches long, fastened  
 to the mask in place of a mouthhole. One of these was straight with  
 squared end, the other was hooked and pointed. They were not painted,  
 nor did the masks bear any painting.

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 DANCE MOVEMENTS, SONG, RITUAL OBJECTS
 

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796 The dancers and chorus at this noon ceremony on Friday performed  
 533 evolutions which were simpler and less elaborate than those performed  
 535 on Saturday. The chorus entered the enclosure and there received from  
 the old men the objects which its members were to carry. The dancers  
 meanwhile waited outside the enclosure, posturing and treading the  
 ground and jingling their bells. When the choristers had received  
 their equipment, they formed in line in front of the enclosure and  
 marched single file around it, contra-clockwise, preceded by the  
 dancers, who leaped and ran and cavorted in front of them. When they  
 had completed the circuit, the chorus came to rest, facing south, the  
 leader nearest the enclosure, and the dancers stopped before the en-  
 trance, in front of the chorus, in a group. During this march the  
 chorus was singing, and continued to sing after halting, raising and  
 lowering their right heels in time to the song. The dancers shuffled  
 or stamped or leapt into the air as they pleased, always in time to  
 the song. They did not follow any fixed pattern in their movements  
 about the dance ground, but milled about in a group, some dancing in  
 one spot throughout.

796 The song, always to the same tune, seeming to be repetitive gen-  
 533 erally in the pattern a-a-b-b-a, was wordless, the syllable o-o-o-oh  
 being used throughout, although words may have been rendered indistin-  
 guishable by the muffling of the masks. The time was the same through-  
 out the song, but the rhythm was varied. The range of notes was short,  
 probably not exceeding an octave. At the end of the pattern, the chorus  
 repeated twice a long drawnout o-o-o-oh, each beginning on the same note,  
 increasing in volume and rising about a half tone, held for a moment and  
 ending in a slight diminuendo and a very slight drop in tone. At the

## VIKITA CEREMONY OF THE PAPAGO (CONT.)

end of each, just before the tone stopped, a high pitched, clear, two syllabled call was sounded by a chorister, possibly by means of a whistle, which resembled a phrase of turkey or quail conversation.

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During the first o-o-o-oh, the choristers raised the objects which they carried to armlength above their heads; during the second, they lowered them again to waist level. The dancers poised themselves at the end of the tune, and violently shook their hips during each o-o-o-oh poising again at attention between the two. The chorus repeated the song several times while standing in line, then trotted around the enclosure in silence, preceded by the running dancers, and entered it, giving their objects back to the old men and receiving new ones.

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The objects which they carried varied with each period of dancing. No order or sequence in the distribution was noticed, though the cotton covered triangles, described below, were carried at intervals. These objects were, variously, slender wands 18" long or so, painted red with white banding; similar wands with desert grasses, possibly Indian wheat, tied around them at the top; slender wands, red, with balls made of raw cotton, about 4" in diameter, formed on the upper end, and with zigzag brown lines radiating from the top center and running down the sides; isosceles triangles held upright, the downward extension of the two long sides serving as handles, and the triangles filled in solidly with raw cotton, with a zigzag brown line on the front; husked ears of corn.

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The chorus also carried, during one period, a flat, stretcher-like framework covered with white cloth, about eight feet in length, with rounded upper end, made by lashing light cross pieces to an outside frame. This was carried upright by several choristers, and the other choristers took sahuaro fruit-gathering sticks from the sides of the enclosure where they had been placed, and supported the frame with these hooking them over the top. These poles were about twelve feet long, with a short stick crossed near the top at an angle, the whole painted red. When the period ended, these poles were stuck back vertically into the arrowweed walls of the enclosure.

[482]

[412]

This dance lasted possibly an hour and a half. Towards the close, the old men inside brought out bundles of the objects, wrapped in burlap or blankets, and placed them in the wagons. They also brought out several bundles of clothing belonging to the dancers and put them also in wagons. Men also brought out gourd vessels, painted white with red designs trailing from the mouths, and placed them in the wagons. Several of these were wrapped in sacking.

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[531]

At the close of the dance, the choristers took the cloth-covered framework and arranged themselves about it as if carrying a stretcher. The dancers grouped themselves at the forward end of the chorus, carrying the sahuaro poles, and they all set out down the road to old Santa Rosa, to the southeast a couple of miles. While the chorus and dancers

[482]

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# VIKITA CEREMONY OF THE PAPAGO (CONT.)

walls about eight feet in height, had an entrance in the centre of the east side, and was oriented so that the sides lay ENE, ESE, respectively. This enclosure was about 30' along each side. Directly west of this and probably fifty feet away was a lean-to open to the east and west, measuring perhaps 12' across the entrance, and 10' deep. Between this and the enclosure was the dance ground proper, about which the chorus marched in a circle about 30' in diameter, as described below. 796 417 [343]

In front of the entrance to the enclosure, distant 30' or so, was a great pile of mesquite logs. About three P.M. small groups of gaily dressed women and girls, one group from the Anegan villagers and one from the old Santa Rosa, ran to the pile of wood. Each woman took up a piece and ran to the enclosure and left it, running out and making a complete circuit of the enclosure before running off the dance ground to her own people. This was done to the accompaniment of much laughter and gaiety among the crowds of women and spectators. Later, just before four P.M., and the beginning of the dance, after the new Santa Rosa dancers had arrived, this was repeated. 796

Meanwhile, many wagons had arrived, ranging in a great crescent about the west side of the dance ground, with the lean-to as center. School busses full of children from Sells Day Schools drove up, and several truck and trailer loads of Papago cotton pickers, brought in by white men from the direction of Casa Grande. [493]

At four P.M. the new Santa Rosa dancers and chorus, who had arrived shortly before, drew up in front of the enclosure, where they were joined by the local dancers and chorus. The Anegan group moved up to within 30 yards or so and halted. A crowd of men, mostly young men and a few boys, assembled, all with bull roarers, and raised a tremendous noise. The combined groups of dancers then trotted and ran around the enclosure several times, accompanied by the wielders of the bull roarers as well as by men and boys who ran alongside, laughing and shouting. The dancers clowned all through this, shaking their bells and cutting up in comical fashion. [522]

The choruses of the two groups dashed inside the enclosure, without running around it, carrying their equipment, and remained inside. The Anegan group joined in after the others had made several circuits, the chorus going directly inside the enclosure.

Then, the choruses inside, the dancers outside, singing began within. It seemed the choruses remained separate inside the enclosure, one in the SE quarter, one in the NE, and one in the NW quadrant. These choruses sang the same song as that sung at Anegan, but not in unison, each chorus singing independently of the others. The masked dancers outside stationed themselves in groups, one outside each corner within which a chorus was singing, and kept time, shuffling and stamping and jumping, to the chorus opposite which they were stationed. Dancers [533] 796 534

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VIKITA CEREMONY OF THE PAPAGO (CONT.)

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The chorus marched to the dance floor in single file, the leader, head bowed, in front. While the dancers, numbering about 34, grouped themselves near the center of the dance floor, the chorus halted facing south, on the north edge of the floor. Here they sang for a few moments, repeating the song more than once, the dancers jangling their bells at each long drawn out tone. Then the chorus marched again, still singing, making a complete circuit of the floor, while the dancers remained in the center, still dancing. This circle was about 35' in diameter. The chorus halted in front of the lean-to, facing east, and sang the tune through several times, possibly four in all. The leader, when the chorus had halted, walked back along the line, tossing a pinch of meal upon each one in turn. Then the chorus, ending the song, followed their leader in single file off the dance floor, marching along the south side of the enclosure and into it, while the dancers ran on ahead and waited for them outside, near the northwest corner.

Inside the enclosure, the second chorus, in similar costume, had been singing, holding the objects which the marching chorus was to carry on its next circuit. A number of times this chorus ended its song before the marchers had arrived, and waited in silence until they had entered. The outside group took the objects, and formed again at the entrance and began the march, resuming their song while the inside chorus received new objects from attendants and began the song also.

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In the entrance of the lean-to, facing east, stood six people in costume, who apparently paid no attention to the dancers and chorus. Two girls in their teens, one younger than the other, stood side by side in the center of the entrance. They were flanked by two boys, one on each side, who in turn were flanked by two middle-aged men. The two men wore costumes similar to that worn by the chorus leader, were similarly painted, and held the baskets of meal. The two boys were nude to the waist, wore brightly colored skirts, and were bare legged and barefooted. The left half of their heads and torsos was painted black. Each wore a white head band with a feather stuck in the back of it. In their left hands each held a miniature bow and arrow, also painted black. The two girls wore ankle length skirts of bright material, one of brilliant green rayon, and were barefoot. Their arms and shoulders were bare, their upper clothing consisting of two wide ribbons or sashes crossed over the breasts and reaching the waist. The younger girl, in the green skirt, wore purple ribbons. These girls held in their right hands husked ears of white corn.

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An old man who seemed to be attendant upon these four young people was dressed in blue denim trousers and coat, and wore a headband and feather. Inside the lean-to was a seated man in a white tunic and head band, with the lower half of his face painted white. His arms and hands were also white. He had in front of him several large bowl shaped baskets, inverted, and painted white. Throughout the morning he beat on one of these baskets with a stick, in slow even tempo, the beats about

## VIKITA CEREMONY OF THE PAPAGO (CONT.)

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four seconds apart. Throughout the afternoon he pulled a stick across a notched and concave piece of wood supported between two of the baskets, in the same tempo. He held the far end of the notched stick firmly against the basket with his left hand, and pulled the other stick toward him with his right. The movements were evenly spaced, but abrupt.

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The two boys, arms stiff at sides, extended them slightly at one drum beat, and returned them to position at the next. The girls bent a little at the knees at one beat, and straightened at the next. The denim-clad attendant watched over these four like a hawk, correcting the angle at which the girls held the corn, or the boys their bows and arrows, tilting their heads up if they drooped, and wiping their faces carefully with a cloth every few minutes. These four, at intervals of possibly half an hour, were helped to a kneeling position by the attendant, where they remained, heads bowed and eyes closed, for perhaps ten minutes. At the end of this time the attendant carefully helped them to their feet again.

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The men in white walked up and down at intervals in front of these four, and spectators were seen to walk with them on several occasions. What they or the spectators did we could not find out. Many of the people in the crowd watched these performers in the lean-to with great interest and respect, and the whole atmosphere of this part of the ritual was that of solemnity, in contrast to the clowning of the dancers.

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During the morning, the chorus carried many different objects, including several elaborate floats. In addition to the objects carried by the chorus at Anegan, there were red staves about 6' long, with bundles of grass, resembling ears of corn, tied to them at intervals. Similar staves were carried at another time, with the addition of what seemed to be imitation corn tassels on the top of each one. Husked ears of corn were carried at least once. Each of these different objects was carried more than once during the day, notably the "cloud symbols" which were carried at more or less regular intervals.

The first float was a well stuffed deer standing on a stretcher-like framework of poles. The dancers prepared for his appearance with a great hullabaloo and much pantomiming, some crouching and aiming their guns, others pretending to set up blinds of grass, others stalking the deer and hunting for tracks. When the deer appeared, and during the marching, the dancers aimed at it with guns and bows or touched it with lances. The men with guns pretended to place the charges or to clean the barrels with their ram rods. The crowd applauded all this with much excited talk and many jests, answered several times by dancers who ran at the crowd and scattered the onlookers with fierces charging and war-like gestures. The chorus carried tiny bows and arrows painted red, held at the draw, each chorister aiming his arrow upwards to the left.

## ETHNOBIOLOGICAL STUDIES

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boy's parents until one or two children had been born, when<sup>582</sup> they erected a hut nearby.

Death was little solemnized by the Papagos. Fearing<sup>764</sup> that the spirit of the dead would drag with him his loved ones, they bestowed the corpse as quickly as possible in a crevice in the rocks leaving with it food, drink, and possessions, and adjuring it not to come back to frighten the living. Often they burned the house to discourage such<sup>[768]</sup> visitations, and many of them, like the California Indians, never mentioned the name of the dead.

Papago life appears to be barren of material for cere<sup>773</sup>mony but these wandering people, nevertheless, developed<sup>533</sup> an elaborate system of observances. Their art impulse, deprived of opportunity for costumes and paraphernalia, expressed itself in song and poetry. Their ceremonies were based upon a long myth, describing the origin of all things. In this myth the People were brought up from underground by their leader, Elder Brother. They marched conquering through the country where Casa Grande now stands, driving out the old inhabitants, the Hohokam, or All-Gone-People. In the course of their adventures, there arose all the needs which later beset Papago life: the need for rain, for corn, for venison, for the taking of scalps, and the curing of disease. As each need arose, Elder Brother met it by leading the People in action and by singing a song. These songs, which punctuate the narrative at all its dramatic points, are often charmingly lyrical and descriptive. Moreover, they constituted Papago magic for all time to come. Ceremonies consisted in the singing of these songs, with appropriate dances and oratory. The mere singing was thought to produce the desired result, whatever it might be.

The Papago year was filled with such ceremonies.' In<sup>796</sup> July, just before the rainy season, the fruit of the giant cactus (*Carnegiea gigantea*) was fermented and drunk, with singing, dancing, and oratory.

2. This section on songs and ceremonies has been abstracted from *Papago Songs and Ceremonies* by Ruth Underhill (in preparation).